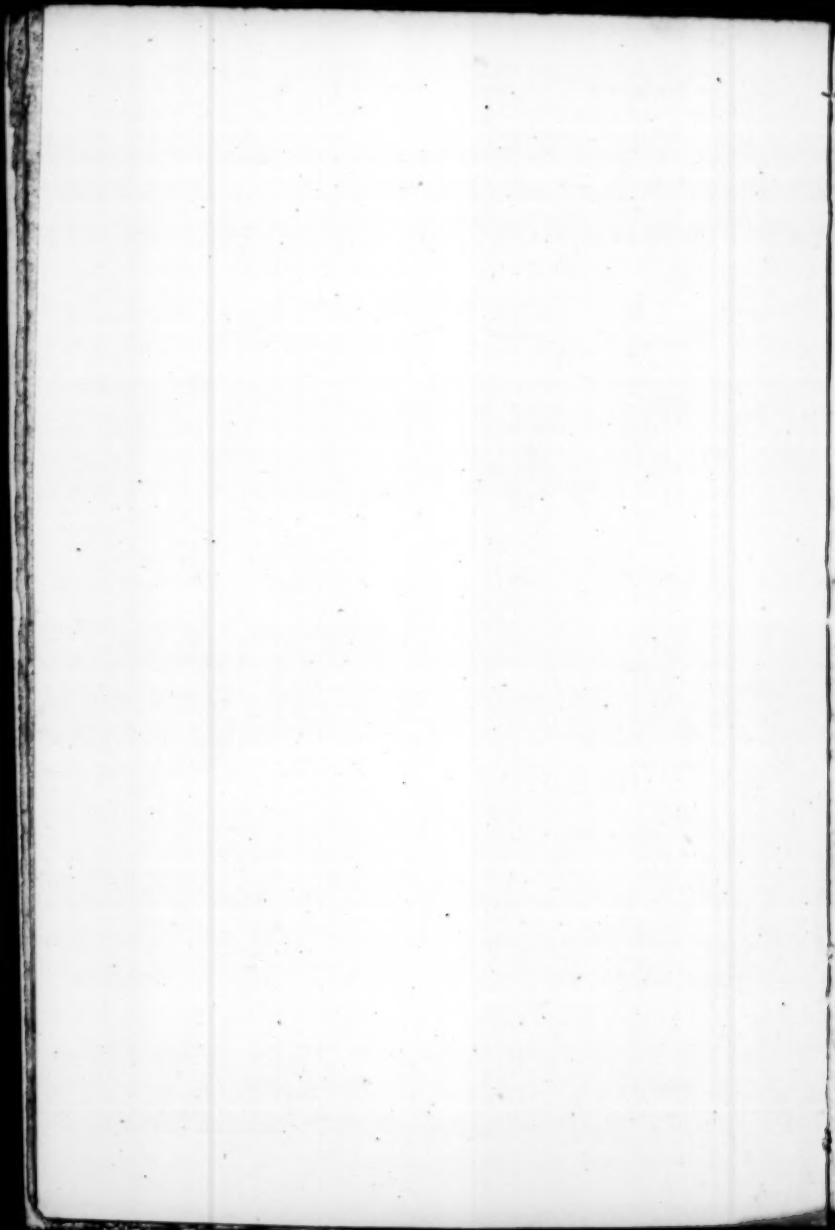
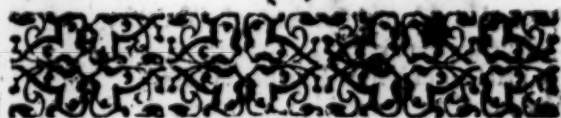


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P V B L I I.  
OVIDII NASONIS  
DE ARTE AMANDI:

OR,

*The Art of Loue.*

**The Proheme or Introduction.**

**I**F there be any in this multitude,  
That in the art of Loue is dull and rude,  
Me let him reade, and these my lines rehearse,  
He shall be made a Doctor by my verse.  
By art of sailes and oares Seas are diuided,  
By art the Chariot runnes: by art Loue's guided:  
By art are bridles rein'd in, or let slip:  
*Typhis* by art did guide the *Hemorian* ship.  
And me hath *Venus* her Arts master made,  
To teach her Science, and set up her trade;  
And time succeeding shall call me alone,  
Loue's expert *Typhis* and *Antomedon*.  
Loue in himself is apish and vntoward,  
Yet being a child, He whip him when he's froward:  
*Achilles* in his youth was taught to run  
On the stringd Lute a sweete diuision;

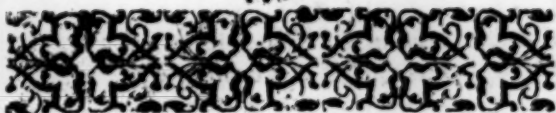
Art on his rude and sterne aspect did cease,  
 Instructing him in old *Philerides*:  
 He that so oft his friends, 'o oft his foes,  
 Made quake and tremble when he would disclose.  
 His furious rage was knowne to be a Sutor,  
 And with submission kneele vnto his Tutor:  
*Espeides* by *Chiron* was instructed,  
 And by my art is loue himselfe conducted,  
 Both goddes sonnes, *Venus* and *Thetis* ioyes,  
 Both shrewd, both waggish, and vnhappy boyes:  
 Yet the stiffe Bulls necke by the yoke is worne,  
 The proud Sced chews the bit which he doth scorn  
 And though *Loues* darts my owne heart cleaues a sun-  
 Yet by my art he wag shall be kept vnder, (der,  
 And the more deep my flaming heart is found,  
 The more I will reuenge me of my wound;  
 Sacred *Apollo* witnesse of my flame,  
 Behold thy arts I do not falsly clame,  
 Of *Clio*s sisters, loe I take no keepe,  
 That in the vale of *Asca* feede their sheepe.  
 Proud skie I teach of what I haue beene taster,  
 Loue bids me speake Ile be your skilfull master:  
 And what I speake is true thus I beg in  
 Be present at my labours loues faire Queene.

Keep hence you modest maids and come not neare,  
 That vse to blush and shamesfast garments weare,  
 That haue scant ruffes & keepe your haire vnseene,  
 Whose feet with your white aprons covered beene  
 From *Vertas* virgins here no place is left,  
 My muse sings *Venus* & oiles and *Loues* sweet thest,  
 What kinde affections lovers thoughts do pierce,  
 And there shall be no fault in this ny verie;

FINIS.

THE





# THE FIRST BOOKE.

**F**irst thou that art a Freshman and art bent,  
To beare Loues armes and follow *Cupids* tent,  
Find whom to loue, the next thing thou must  
doe.

Learne how to speake her faire, to pleade and woe:  
Last hauing wonne thy Mi<sup>st</sup>ris to thy lure,  
He teach thee how to make that loue endure,  
This is my aime, He keep within this space  
And in this road my Chariot wheele shall trace.  
Whilst thou liuest free and art a Batcheler,  
The loue of one aboue the rest preferre:  
To whom thy soule sayes, you alone content me.  
But such a one shall not from heauen be sent thee,  
Such are not dropt downe from the azure skies,  
But thou must seeke her out with busie eyes:  
Well knowes the Huntsman where his toyle to set,  
And in what denne the Boare his teeth doth whet:  
Well knowes the Fowler where to lay his gin,  
The fisher knowes what poole most fish are in,  
And thou that studiest to become a louer,  
Learne in what place most Virgins to discouer:  
I do not bid thee saile the Seas to seeke,  
Or trauell farre to find one thou dost like.

Like *Perseus* that among the *Negroes* sought,  
 And faire *Andromade* from *Inde* brought;  
 Or *Paris* who to steale that daintie peece,  
 Trauell'd as farre as betwixt *Troy* and *Greece*,  
 Behold the populous Citie in her pride,  
 Yeelds thee more choice then all the world beside.  
 More eares of ripe corne growes not in the fields,  
 Nor halfe so many boughes the Forrest yeelds:  
 So many greene leaues growes not in the woods,  
 Nor swimme so many fish in the salt floods.  
 So many Starres in heauen you cannot see,  
 As here be pretty wenches, *Rome*, in thee.  
 Faire *Venus* in the Citie & her sonne,  
 Is honoured with *Aeneas* first begun,  
 If in young Lasses thou delight, behold,  
 More Virgins thou maist see then can be told:  
 If women of endifferent age wil eate thee,  
 Amongst a thousand thou maist chose to please thee  
 If ancient women; in the Citie bee  
 Matrons admired for their grauitie:  
 To find a Matron Widdow or young Maide,  
 Walke but at such time under *Pompies* shade,  
 When as the Sunne mounts on the *Lions* backe,  
 And store of all degrees thou shalt not lacke;  
 Or to that marble walke which was begun,  
 And ended by a Mother and her Sonne.  
 Abroad, at noone, betimes or euening late,  
 That day which we to *Luna* consecrate,  
 Or to the fiftie sisters *Belus* daughters,  
 That all saue one made of their husbands slaughters  
 Or that same holiday we yearely keepe,  
 In which faire *Venus* doth for *Adon* weepe,  
 Or in the teauenth day sacred more then all,  
 Which the Iewes nation doe their Sabboth call:

Or to the *Miempbien* Church, where many a vow,  
 Is made to the *Egyptian Isis* and her cow:  
 Or to the market place, which way is short,  
 Women of all estates do there resort,  
 Repair else to the pulpit, euen the same  
 In which our learned Orators declaime,  
 Here often is the pleaders tongue stroke dumbe  
 By those attractiue eyes that thither come.  
 There he to whom another cause is knowne,  
 Speaking of that, wants words to pleade his owne.  
*Venus* reioycing smiles to see from far e,  
 The Lawier made a client at the barre:  
 But most of all I would haue thee stir,  
 At the play time unto the Theater,  
 Where thou shalt finde them thicke in a great nom-  
 The matted seates, and the degrees to comber, (ber  
 Amongst that goodly dew thou maist behold,  
 Whom thou both lou'st, suest to, & faine would hold  
 Looke as the laden Ants march to and fro,  
 And with their heauie burdens trooping go:  
 Or as the Bee from flower to flower doth flie,  
 Bearing each one her hony in her thigh:  
 And round about the spacious fields do stray,  
 So do the fairest women to a play,  
 That I haue wondred how it could include,  
 Of beauties such a gallant multitude.  
 There many a Captiue looke hath conquered beene  
 Thither sole armed to see and to be seene.  
 Great *Romulus* thou first these playes contriues,  
 To get thy widdowed souldiers *Sabines* wiues,  
 In those dayes from the marble house did waue,  
 No saile, no silken flag, no ensigne braue:  
 The tragicke stage in that age was not red,  
 There were no mixed colours tempered:

Then did the scoone want Art, the vnready stage,  
 Was made of grasse and earth in that rude age.  
 Round about which the boughs were thickly placed  
 The people did not think themselves disgraced  
 Of tuffe and heathie Sods to haue their seats,  
 Made in degree of sods and massie peates.  
 Thus plac'd in order, euery *Roman* bride,  
 Into his *Virgins* eyes, and by her side.  
 Sate him downe close, and leuerally did moue,  
 The innocent *Sabine* women to their loue.  
 And whilst the Piper *Threus* rudely playde,  
 And by her stamping with his foot had made,  
 A signe unto the rest, there was a shout,  
 Whose still report pierst all the ayre about.  
 Now with a signe of rape giuen from the king,  
 Round through the house the lustie *Romans* sing:  
 Leaving no corner of the same unsought,  
 Till euery one a frighted Virgin caught:  
 Looke as the trembling Doue the Eagle flies,  
 Or a young Lambe when he a Wolfe espies:  
 So run these poore giles, filling the ayre with shrieks  
 Emptying of all the colour in their pale cheeks,  
 One teare possesse them all but not one looke  
 This teares her haire, she hath her wits forsooke.  
 Some sadly sit, some on their mothers call,  
 Some chafe, some flye, some rage but frightened all.  
 Thus were the rauisht *Sabines* blushing led,  
 Becoming shame unto each *Romans* bed:  
 If any striu'd against it, strait her man,  
 Would take her on his knee, whom feare made wan.  
 And say why weepest thou, sweet what ailst my dear  
 Dry up those drops, these clouds of sorrow cleare.  
 Ile be to thee, if thou thy grief wilt smother,  
 Such as thy father was vnto thy mother.

Full well would *Romulus* his souldiers please,  
 To giue them such faire Mistresses as these,  
 If such rich wages thou wilt giue to me,  
 Great *Romulus* thy souldier I will be,  
 From that first age the *Theater* hath bin.  
 Euen like a trap to take faire wenches in;  
 Frequent he Tilt yard, for there oft times are,  
 Clusters of people thronging at the barre.  
 Thou shalt not need, there with thy fingers becken,  
 Of wincking signes, or close nods do not reckon;  
 But where thy Mistris sits, do thou abide  
 Who shall forbid thee to attaine her side,  
 As neare as the place suffers see thou get,  
 That none betwixt thee and her selfe be set;  
 If thou beest mute and bashfull I will teach,  
 How to begin and breake the ice of speech:  
 Aske whose that horse was, what he was did guide  
 Whence came he, if he well or ill did ride him. (high  
 Which in the course of barriers best did do,  
 And whom she likes, him do thou fauour to.  
 When thou espieest where *Romes* best gallants sit:  
 Applaud faire *Venus* with thy Mistris hand it;  
 If dust by chance upon her garments fall,  
 Looke with thy ready hand thou brush it all.  
 And though none fall, yet looke that without scoffe  
 Thou with thy dutious hand beat that none off.  
 And let the least occasion shew thy duty,  
 None can be too seruile vnto beauti:  
 If her loose garments hang downe that the skirt,  
 Lick up the dust or fall into the dirt;  
 Officious be to lift it vp againe,  
 And from the sluttish earth to beare her traine  
 Happly thy dutious guardian such may be,  
 That thou her foot or well shapt leg may see.

Beware that none behind her rudely crush her,  
 Or with his bard knees or his elbowes brush her;  
 Small favours womens light thoughts captivate,  
 And many in their loues make fortunate.  
 Beating the dust, or fanning the fresh aire,  
 Or to her wearie foote but adde a staire.  
 Such diligence and dutie often proues,  
 Great furtherance to many in their loues.  
 Within these lists hath *Cupid* battaile sounded:  
 And he that makes men wounds, himselſe bin woun-  
 As carelesſe of himſelſe he pries about, (ded:  
 To know which céquerors of the Champions ſtout  
 He feelſe himſelſe pierſt with a flying dart,  
 And wounded ſore, complains him of his heart.  
 Oh what aſſemblic did there come to ſee.  
 Great *Ceſar* ſtand in all his royalltie.  
 Prayiſng his prizes in their ſhouts and ſkips,  
 Tooke in the *Persian* and *Athenian* ſhips,  
 From both ſides of the ſea young Gallants came,  
 And Virgins of all ſorts to ſee the ſame:  
 Then was the Cittie throng'd, who could not find  
 In that faire crew a Saint to pleaſe his minde.  
 Oh gods! how many did kind fancie driue,  
 Strangers to vs, vs ynto them do wiue.  
 Behold Great *Ceſar* through the whole world famed  
 Will adde unto the nations he hath tamed.  
 The Eaſterne kingdomes here to ouerpaſt,  
 And they of all his Conqueſt ſhall be laſt.  
 See where a ſtout reuenger comes in armes,  
 Whoſe haughty breſt the flower of honour warms  
 That being but a child leades warre in chaines,  
 But more then children can by warre conſtraines,  
 Thy birth day ſhall by generall accord,  
 With all the neweſt vertues be ador'd,

Thy wisdom which might well become the aged,  
 Shall in the selfe same ranke be equipaged:  
 That all the world may wonder one so young,  
 Hath such a ripe wit, and so queint a tongue.  
 Thy gifts out-strip thy age, whole slow pace lingers,  
 Such was his instant strength, who twixt his fingers  
 Crushed two inuenom'd Snakes being in the cradle,  
 What would he doe being mounted on the saddle,  
 As great as *Bacchus* when his yeares yet Greene,  
 Was in his power amongst the *Indies* scene:  
 Is *Cesar* heire vnto his fathers spirit,  
 That his forefathers vertues do inherit,  
 With their auspicious fortune proudly dight.  
 Wars, and shall vanquish still where he doth fight:  
 Such be the fates, decree must be his tame  
 That shall wage battell vnder *Cesars* name.  
 Live still thou, youth, of whom thou now art king.  
 With milkewhite heads and beards thy praises sing,  
 Reuenge thy wronged brothers, thy dead father,  
 And to the wars millions of people gather.  
 Thy father, and thy countries father too.  
 Case thee in armes against thy insulting foe.  
 Thou bear'st religious armes to doth not he,  
 Wrong leades him forth, but iustice fights for thee:  
 Behold the *Parthians* are already slaine.  
 The East yelds homage to the *Latine* uaine.  
*Cesar* and *Mars*, both gods, his fathers both  
 Bee powerfull in his iourney now he goeth,  
 I prophesie his conquest and his praise,  
 In a rich stile vnto the heauens he raiseth  
 With my field words he shall his armie cheare,  
 Which with their sweet sound shall inchant each eare  
 Whilst I the *Parthians* flight describe at large,  
 Who backward shoote, as flying, their foes charge.  
 And

And of the *Romans* resolution write,  
 In vaine poore *Parthian* souldiers how dost fight,  
*Mars* the great god of armes, forsake thy droome,  
 In vaine thou hop'st by flight to ouercome:  
 In what day shalt thou faile of all things,  
 Be deck with gold, attend on by Kings.  
 And drawne along by foure white snowe Steeds.  
 To royalize thy acts and famous deeds.  
 The whitest thy troopes of souldiers round intirons  
 The Capraine of the enemy bound with irons:  
 Giuing their legs to keepe them from the flight,  
 Which they before did practise in their fight.  
 The ioyfull young men mingled with sweet lasses,  
 Will croud and presse to see him as he pases,  
 And now being meet, no sweete occasion like,  
 Make speech of any thing to enter talke:  
 Though ignorant in all things, all things know,  
 And take vpon thee to expaine each shew.  
 As thus the *Euphrates* that first proceeds,  
 Hauing her head bound with a reath of reeds  
 Call the next *Tigris* with her haire all blew,  
 Modes may be flattered, to thinke fained things true  
 Say this presents *Armenia*, Denat she,  
 In the next place let *Achemonia* be. (ble,  
 That man's a conqueror, captiues they that them-  
 Speake truly, if thou canst, if not dissemble.  
 Thence if you go to banekquet and sit downe,  
 To tast sweet Viands and to drinke a round,  
 There may thy thoughts vnto my art incline,  
 Obseruing loue more then the crimson wine,  
*Cupid* himselfe alwayes inured to rapes,  
 Hath with his own whit hand rest *Bacchus* grapes.  
 Vntill his wings with sprinkled wine made wet,  
 He heauie sits and sleepes where he is set.



The dew from off his feathers soone he shakes,  
 Which from his drowned wings the dry aire takes,  
 But from his breast so soone he cannot drive,  
 Loue sprinkled there, though nere so much he strue  
 Wine doth prepare the spirits, heates the braine hot,  
 Expels deepe cares, make sorrowes quite forgot:  
 Moues mirth, breeds laughter, makes the poor man  
 And not remembreing need to laugh aloud: (proud  
 Sets ope the thoughts, death rudenes banish,  
 Refineth arts, and at wine fight woes vanish.  
 In wine hath many a young mans heart bin tooke  
 And borne away in a faire wenchs looke,  
 In wine is lust and rancenes of desire,  
 Ioyne wine and loue, and you adde fire to fire:  
 Choose not a face by torch-light, but by day,  
 Onely grosse faults such splendors can bewray.  
 Trust no made lights, they will deceiue thine eye,  
 Thou canst not iudge by torch-light, ner in tye.  
 At the broad noone tide, when the Sun shin'd rarest,  
 Did *Paris* say to *Hellen* thou art fairest.  
 The night hides faults, the midnight houre is blind,  
 And no mishapt deformity can find.  
 Stones and dyed Scarlet by the day we chuse  
 The broad day and bright sunne in beauty vse:  
 Sometimes vnto those places take thy feet,  
 Where the faire Forrest hantresses do meete.  
 In number more then sea sands, cle prepare,  
 To the warme bathes, where en any a female are:  
 There some or other hurt by *Cupids* stroke,  
 Where troubled waters with warme brimstone smoke  
 Mistakes the wounds, cause and exclaiming raues,  
 Not blaming Loue, But those vnholisome waues.  
 See where *Dianas* groue Temple stands,  
 Where kingdoms haue bin won by slaughtering hands  
 Becauie

Because the *Cupid* loathes and lines chaſt ſtill.  
 Much people he hath ſlaine and much ſhall kill:  
 Thus farre my Muſe hath ſung in diuers ſtraines:  
 Where thou maiſt find fit place to ſet thy traines,  
 My next endeavour is to lay the ground,  
 To atchieue and win the Miſtris thou haſt found.  
 Be prompt and apt, you that ſhall read my lines,  
 And vſe attention to their diſciplines,  
 The firſt ſtrickt precept I enioyne your ſence,  
 Needfull to be obſeru'd is conſcience:  
 Be confident, thy ſute being once begun,  
 And build on this they all are to be wonne.  
 Firſt ſhall the birds that welcome in the ſpring,  
 All mute and dombefor euer ceaſe to ſing:  
 The ſommer Ants leaue their induſtrious paines,  
 And from their full mouthes caſt their loaded  
 The ſwift *Menatian* hounds that chafing are (gaines,  
 Shall righted runne backe from the trembling hare  
 Before a wanton wench once tempted by thee.  
 Poore foole, ſhall haue the hard heart to deny thee,  
 Stolne pleaſure which to men is neuer hatefull,  
 To women, is now and at all times ever gratefull:  
 The difference is a Maide her loue will couer,  
 Men are more impudent and publicke louers:  
 Tis meet we men ſhould aſke the queſtion ſtill.  
 Should women do it, it would become them ill.  
 The *H* ſters ſtrength being once ripe and mellow,  
 After the Bull ſhe through the field will bellow.  
 The Mare neighes after the couragious Steed,  
 But humane luſt doth not ſo much exceed.  
 Our flame hath lawfull bonds, keep time & ſeaſon,  
 Nor beſtiall made like theirs, but mixt with reaſon,  
 Shold I of *Biblis* ſpeake whoſe hot deſire  
 Doth to the brothers lawleſſe bed aſpire:

And

And when the incestuous deed she well suspendeth,  
 With resolution her sweet life she endeth:  
*Mirra* the loue of her owne father sought,  
 Affecting him but not as daughters ought:  
 Her body in a tree rough rinde appears,  
 And with her sweete and odorous teares,  
 Our bodies we perfume, these are the same,  
*Mirra* of their mistress *Mirra* that beares the name:  
 In *Ida* of tall tree and Cedars full,  
 There fed the glory of the heard, a Bull, (grew,  
 Snow white, laue twixt his hornes one spot there  
 Saue that one staine he was of milkie hew,  
 This Bullocke did the Heifers of the groues,  
 Desire to beare as Prince of all their droues,  
 But most *Pasiphae* with adulterous breath,  
 Enuies the louchy Heifers to the death:  
 I speak knowne truth this cannot *Cretes* deny,  
 With all her hundred Cities built on hie.  
 Tis said that for this Bull the doating Lasse,  
 Did vse to top fresh boughes and mow young grasse  
 Nor was the amorous *Cretan* Queene ascard,  
 To grow a kinde companion to the heard:  
 Thus through the Campaigne she is madly borne.  
 And a wild Bull to *Minos* giues the horne.  
 Tis not for brauery he doth loue or loath thee,  
 Then why, *Pasiphae*, dost thou so richly cloth thee.  
 Why dost thou thus thy face and lookes prepare,  
 What makst thou with thy glasse ording thy haire.  
 Vnlesse thy glasse could make thee seeme a Cow,  
 And how can hornes grow on that tender brow?  
 If *Minos* please thee, no adulterer seeke thee,  
 Or if thy husband *Minos* do not like thee:  
 But thy lasciuious thoughts are still increast,  
 Deceiue him with a man, not with a beast.

Thus

Thus by the Queene the wilde woods are frequen-  
 And leauing the Kings bed she is contented: (ted,  
 To use the groues borne by the rage of mind,  
 Even as a ship with a full Easterne wind.  
 How often hath she with an enuious eye,  
 Look'd on the Cow that by her bull did lie:  
 Saying, oh wherefore did this Heifer moue,  
 My hearts chief Lord, and vrge him to her loue.  
 Behold, how she before him ioyfull skips,  
 And proudly ietting on the greene grasse lips:  
 To please his amorous eye, the charg'd the Queen  
 See in these fields that cow no more be seene.  
 No sooner to her seruants had she spoke,  
 But the poore beast was straight put to the yoake.  
 Some of these strumpet Heifers the Queene slew,  
 And their warme blood the alters did imbrow:  
 Whilst by the sacrificing Priest she stands,  
 And gripe their trembling entrailes in her hands,  
 Oft praid she to the Gods but all in vaine, (slaines)  
 To appease their dieries with blood of beasts thus  
 And to their bowels speake, go, go, begone,  
 To please him whom I fondly dote upon.  
 Now doth she with her selfe *Europa* then,  
 To be faire, so pasturing in the fenne,  
 In a heast in shape, hide, hooft, and horne,  
 Onely *Europa* on a beast was borne.  
 At length the Captaine of the heard beguilde,  
 With a Cowes skin with curious art compilde.  
 The longing Queene obtain'd her full desire,  
 And in the childe birth did bewray the fire:  
 Had *Cressa* kept her from *Thiestes* bed,  
 She had not with her childe beene banished.  
 Nor *Phaebus* stopt his *Carr* that so bright burned,  
 And his *Sieeds* back ynto the morning turned.

King *Misus* daughter that was held so faire,  
 Stole from her fathers head the purple haire;  
 And hanging at the ship in her fall.  
 Chang'd to a bird in voice, in shape and all.  
 Another *Silla* was by *Circe* spels  
 Made a Sea monster, and in the ocean dwells:  
 Beneath whole nauell barketh many a hound.  
 Whose rauinous gulle like throats ship, and men  
 The wisest of great *Alcides* that by land, (drownd.  
 Fled the great god of war and did withstand:  
*Neptune* by Sea behold alas she dks.  
 A wofull and limented sacrifice:  
 Whole sorrows only not bright *Crusae*s flame, (same  
 Wishing their salt teares might haue quencht the  
 Who could but weepe to see young child en flaine,  
 Whilst their warme blouds their mothers garments  
*Phanix Annutors* daughter she laments, (aine,  
 The swift pact hurrying chariot teares and rents.  
 Chiefe mischief all by womens lusts engender,  
 Some of their hearts be tough, though most be ten-  
 Womens desires are burning, some contagious; (det  
 Mens are more temperate, farre & lesse outrageous;  
 Then in my art proceed nor doubt to enioy.  
 And win all women be they nere so coy.  
 Use them by my directions, being learned by thee,  
 Not one amongst a thousand will deny thee:  
 Yet loue they to be vrg'd by some constraint,  
 As well in things which they deny as grant:  
 But take thou no repulse, ist not a treasure,  
 To enioy new delights and tast fesh pleasure.  
 Varietie of sweets are welcome still,  
 And acceptablist to a womans will:  
 They thinke that corne best in anothers field,  
 Their neighbors goate the sweetest milk doth yeeld.

Eut

But first ere siege be to thy Mistris laid,  
 Practise to come acquainted with her maid:  
 She can prepare the way, seeke thy redresse,  
 And by her meanes thou maist haue sweet access.  
 To her familiar eare your counsels show,  
 And all your priuate pleasures let her know:  
 Bribe her with gits, corrupt her with reward  
 With her that's easie which to thee seemes hard,  
 She can chose times, so times Physitions keepe,  
 When in thy Mistris armes thou safe maist sleepe,  
 And that must be when she is apt to yeeld,  
 What time the ripe corne swells within the field,  
 When banisht sorrowes, from her heart remoue,  
 And giues mirth place, she lies broad wake to loue.  
 Whilest Troy was pensue, twas well fenc'd and kept,  
 But then betraid when they securely slept  
 Yet sometimes proue her, when thou find'st her sad,  
 Mourning her owne wrong with some vflag bad.  
 Follow that humor with thy fluent tongue,  
 Shee'l grace thee to reuenge her former wrong.  
 Her may the industrious maide betimes prepare,  
 And softly whisper, yet that she may heare,  
 Such wrongs no woman that hath spirit can beare:  
 So shee proceeds to thee, lists thy praises hie,  
 Sweare for her chaste Loue thou art bent to dye,  
 And there step in, and doubt not to preuaile.  
 Yet ere her furious anger hath strooke saile,  
 Rage in that Sea: delay consumes and dyes,  
 Like ice against the sunne; no grace despise  
 That from the hand-maid comes; with all thy power  
 Seeke by conuenient meanes her to deflower.  
 She is industrious and made apt for sport,  
 And by her office limits your resort,

she, if her owne counsel may be closely kept,  
 Her Ladies due would gladly in-ercept.  
 All is haphazard, though it be with paine,  
 My counsell is from these things to abstaine.  
 I will not headlong ouer mountaines tread,  
 Nor following me shall any be mislead  
 But of the maide by whom thou send'st thy letter,  
 With her care please thee well, with her face better  
 Begin not therefore with the Maide to toy.  
 Thy Mistris loue and fauour first enioy.  
 One thing beware, if thou wilt credit Art,  
 Nor let my words amongst the windes depart:  
 If thou hast mou'd her once take no der yall,  
 Resolue to act, or neuer to make tryall,  
 From feare and blame thou art secure and free,  
 As soone as she partakes the crime with thee.  
 You see the bird that to the morning sings,  
 Cannot soare high, when she hath lim'd her wings  
 Nor can the sauage Boare with bristled backe,  
 Break through those toyles, which he before made  
 The fish that glides along the silver brook, (slack,  
 Is quickly drawne, being wounded with the hooke,  
 So hauing once but tride her, make her yeeld,  
 And neuer part but conquer from the field:  
 The fault being mutuall, knowing how she tell  
 The bashfull gile will be asham'd to tell,  
 But shee can shew thee in familiar phrase,  
 Both what thy vertuous Mistris doth and sayes.  
 Alwayes be secret if your guilt appeare,  
 'Twill in thy Lady breed perpetuall feare.  
 He is deceiu'd that thinks all times auaille  
 For Swaines to turne the earth, Seamen to sayle;  
 All seasons are not kinde when men should sow,  
 Times must be pickt, to haue your graine well growe.  
 Not

Nor alwayes is the surging ocean fit,  
 That the well fraughted ship may saile in it;  
 Nor is it alwayes time faire girles to woe,  
 Sometimes abstaine, so doth thy Master doe.  
 Omit her birth-day, and those Calends misse,  
 When *Mars* and *Venus* both abstaine to kisse:  
 At some for bidden lealons being deckt,  
 With princely tire, vse her with great respect:  
 In the breame winter when that *Phaides* raine.  
 From the sweet worke of *Venus* most abstaine:  
 For eare the like resort amongst thy wenches,  
 When that the tender kidd the ocean drenches.  
 Thou shalt begin euen in that very day,  
 When wofull and lamenting *Alita*.  
 Lookes on the tragicke earth made crimson red.  
 With the wild *Romans* woundes which that day bled  
 Or in the seuen h least which is held diuine,  
 And honoured by the men of *Palmyne*.  
 Thy Ladyes birth day Ceremonies make,  
 And superstitiously all workes forsake,  
 Aboue all dayes let that a blacke day be,  
 When thou: iuest ought, or she doth beg of thee  
 You shall haue some into your bosomes creepe,  
 Who iestingly will snatch things they will keepe.  
 And by some slight and pretty wanton suite,  
 To enrich themselves will leaue thee destitute,  
 First shall the linnen draper bring his wares,  
 And lay his pack wide open, at the Faieres.  
 She will peruse them as thou standst her nigh,  
 The whilst the Draper askes what will you buy?  
 Strait will she craue thy iudgement in the Lawne,  
 Thou by degrees to shew thy skill art drawne:  
 Then will she kisse thee, pray thee she may try it,  
 Thus by her flattery thou art wonne to buy it.

Canst



Canst thou deny the wanton she will sweare,  
 This gift shall serue her use for many a yeare:  
 It is now cheape she hath great need of this,  
 And euery word she mingles with a kisse.  
 Hast thou no coyne about thee thou shalt send,  
 To intreat it by a letter from thy friend.  
 What must I needs present her with this casket,  
 Because that on her birth day she doth ask it?  
 Then euery day she wants she will be sworne,  
 That at that very day she's bred and borne,  
 Or when I see her how she sadly weeps,  
 And faining some false losse much seeking keeps,  
 As if she had let fall some pretious thing,  
 A iewell from her eare, her hand a ring.  
 What's that to me, or if I here her pray,  
 To borrow this or that vntill some day.  
 What's lent is lost, and to be found no more.  
 Women things borrowed neuer will restore.  
 Ten tongues, as many mouthes cannot impart,  
 Halfe the sleights vsed in the strumpets art,  
 Make loue with letters and thy money saue,  
 And let them wax, and inke, and paper haue,  
 Keepe what thou hast, for words good words surren-  
 For flattery, like falshood euer tender. (der.  
 Faire words are cheape, what more thou giu'st is  
 Flatter, speake faire, 'tis done with little cost. (lost,  
 Old Priam by intreaty Hector wonne,  
 Which bribed Achilles neuer would haue done:  
 Force is but weake, intreaty hath her odds.  
 So we intreat but not inforce the gods.  
 A promise is a charme to make fooles fat,  
 Be full of them, promise no matter what.  
 A promise is a meere enchanting witch,  
 By promises 'tis an easie matter to be rich.

*Dato dona  
 sicut dat  
 mella geni-  
 fla.*

The hope of gaine will keepe thy credit free,  
 Hope is a goddesse false yet true to thee.  
 Gue her and say, you part on some disdain,  
 Thou by her loosth, she by thee shall gaine:  
 Be allwaies giuing, but your gift still keepe,  
 And thy delays in wordes well harmed sleepe.  
 So hath the barren field deceiu'd the swaine,  
 So doth the Gamster loose in hope to gaine:  
 Loue that on euē hands growes is most pure,  
 That which comes gratis longest doth endure.  
 Write first, and let thy pleasant lines salute her.  
 A letter breakes the ice of any suiter;  
 A letter in an apple writ and sent,  
 Wonne faire *Cidippe* to her louers bent.  
 You *Roman* Youthes all other toyes resignes  
 Leauē the seuen liberall Arts and Muses nine:  
 As when you heare an Orator declaime,  
 The people iudge and Senat grace the same.  
 So when the faire maids thou shalt come among,  
 Speake well, and they will all applaud thy tongue,  
 But speake not by the booke, it breeds offence,  
 To court in strange and fustian eloquence:  
 None but a gull such Bastard words will praise,  
 Or in his speech vse an inforced phrase.  
 Who but a mad man else with Orations,  
 Plead to his loue, and woe in declanations  
 Vse a smooth language, and accustomed speech,  
 And with no straining discourse loue beseech,  
 As if thou camst to speak a studied part,  
 But as immediately sent from the heart.  
 If she recome thy lines, and scornes to read them,  
 But casting them away, on the ground tread them:  
 Despaire not though, but that she may in time,  
 And will with iudging eyes peruse thy rime,

In time the stubborne Heifers draw the waine,  
 In time the wildest steeds do brooke the raine:  
 Time frets hard iron, in time the plowshares worne  
 Yet the ground soft by which the Steele is torne.  
 What's harder then a stone, or what more soft  
 Then water is, and yet by dropping oft  
 The gentle raine will eat into the flints,  
 And in their hard sides leaues impressiue dints.  
 Do but persist the suite thou hast begone:  
 In time will chaste *Penelope* be wonne:  
 Long was it ere the Citie *Troy* was taine:  
 Yet was it burnt at length and *Priam* slaine.  
 Hath she peruse the scroule thou didst indite,  
 And will she not as yet an answer write:  
 Enforce her not, it is enough to thee,  
 That she hath read it, and thy loue doth see.  
 Feare not, if once she read what thou hast write,  
 She will vouchsafe in time to answer it.  
 At first perhaps her letter will be sower,  
 And on thy hopes her paper seeme to lowr:  
 In which she will coniure thee to be mute,  
 And charge thee to forbear thy hated suite  
 Tush, what she most forwarnes she most desires,  
 In frosty woods are hid the hottest fires.  
 Onely pursue to reape what thou hast sowne,  
 A million to a mite she is thy owne.  
 If thou by chance hast found her in some place,  
 Downe on her back and vpwards with her face.  
 Occasion smiles upon thee, thanke thy fate,  
 Steale to her besides with a theeuish gate:  
 And hauing wonne, vnto her wisely beare thee,  
 With watchfull care that no Easedropper heare  
 Or if she walke abroad without delay, (thee.  
 Bethou a quicke spie to obserue her way.

When thou  
 meetest her  
 abroad.

*When thou  
findest her  
in the Thea-  
ter.*

Keepe in her eye, and crosse her in the street,  
 Here ouertake her, at that corner meet;  
 Then come behinde her, then out strip her pace,  
 And now before her and now after trace.  
 Now fast, now slow, and euer moue some stay,  
 That she may finde thee still first in her way,  
 Nor be affraid if thou occasion spie.  
 To iog her elbow as thou passest by.  
 Or if thou happenest to behold from farr,  
 Thy Mistris crossing to the Theater:  
 Hye to the place, being there look round about thee  
 And in no seate let her be found without thee  
 No matter though the play thou do not minde.  
 Thou sights enough within her face shalt finde:  
 There stand at gaze, there wonder, there admire,  
 There speaking lookes may whisper thy desire,  
 Applaud him whom she likes, if thou discouer,  
 In any straine a true well acted louer.  
 Make him thy instance, court her by all skill,  
 If she rise, rise, if she sit, sit thee still:  
 Laugh thou but whē she smiles, die when she lowers  
 And in her lookes and gestures loose thy howers.  
 Thy legs with eating pumice do not weare,  
 Use not hot irons to crispe and curle thy haire,  
 No spruce starch fashions should on louers waite,  
 Men best become a meere neglected gate.  
 Blunt *Theseus* came with no perfumes to *Creete*  
 And yet great *Minos* daughter thought him sweete.  
*Phædra* did loue *Hippolitus*, yet he,  
 Had on his back no Courtly brauery.  
*Adonis* like a woodman still was clad,  
 Yet *Venus* doated on the loue'y lad:  
 Go neate and handsome, comelines best pleases  
 And the desire of women, soonest ceases.

Vie a meete gate, thy garments without staine,  
 Keepe not thy face from weather nor from raine,  
 Thy tong haue without roughnes, thy teeth cleare  
 And white, and let no rust inhabite there,  
 Wea e thy shoes close and fit and not to wide,  
 Cut thy haire *compasse*, euen on either side:  
 Let no disordered haire here and there stand,  
 But haue thy beard trim'd with a skilfull hand.  
 Make blint thy nailes, pare them & keepe them low  
 Let no stiff haire within thy nostrils grow:  
 Keepe thy breath sweet and fresh, lest ranke it smell  
 Such is the aire where bearded goates do dwell.  
 All other loose tricks and effeminate toyes:  
 Leaue thou to wanton girles and iugling boyes  
 Behold young *Bacchus* me his Poet names,  
 He fauor louers and those amorous flames,  
 In which he hath bene scorcht; it so fell out,  
 Mad *Ariadne* straid the Ile about:  
 Being left alone within that desert plaine,  
 Where the brooke *Dia* pores into the maine.  
 Who making from her rest, her vaile vnbound,  
 Her bare foot treading on the tender ground,  
 Her golden haire disolued, aloud she raucs,  
 Calling on *Theseus* to the desused waues.  
 On *Theseus*, cruell *Theseus*, whom she seeks, (cheeks  
 Whilst showers of teares makes furrowes in her  
 She calls and weeps, & weeps and calls at once,  
 Which might to ruth moue the senceles stones.  
 Yet both alike became her, they grac'd her,  
 The whilst she strives to call him, or cry faster,  
 Then beates she her soft breast, and makes it grone  
 And then she cries what is false *Theseus* gone?  
 What shall I do? she cries, what shall I do?  
 And with that note she runs the Forrest through

*The tale of  
 Theseus and  
 Ariadne.*

When suddenly her eares might vnderstand,  
 Cymballs and timbrels toucht with a loud hand  
 To which the forrest woods and caues resound:  
 And now amaz'd she senceles falls to ground.  
 Behold the *Nymphes* come with their scatter'd hair  
 Falling behinde, which they like garments weare,  
 And the light *Satires*, and vniuersall crew,  
 Nearer and nearer to the Virgin drew.  
 Then old *Silenus* on his lazie asse,  
 Nods with his drunken pore about to passe.  
 Where the poore Ladie, all in teares lies drown'd,  
 Scarce sits the drunkard, but he falls to ground,  
 Scarce holds the bridle fast, but staggering sloopes,  
 Following those giddy *Bacchanlian* troopes.  
 Who dance the wild *Lauls* on the grasse  
 Whilst with a staffe he layes upon his asse.  
 At length when the young *Satyr* least suspect,  
 He tumbling falls quie from his asses necke:  
 But vniuersally heaue him, whilst each *Satyre* cries,  
 Rise good old father, good old Father rise,  
 Now comes the god himselfe, next after him,  
 His vine like Chariot diu'd with *Tygres* grimme;  
 Colour and voice, and *Thesews* she doth lack:  
 There would she fly, and their feare puld her back;  
 She trembles like a stalke the winde doth shake  
 Or a weake reed that growes besides the lake.  
 To whom the Gods spake, Lady take good chare,  
 See one more faithfull then false *Thesews* here.  
 Thou shalt be wife to *Bacchus* for a gift,  
 Recciue him to heauen, and to the spheares be list,  
 Where thou shalt shine a starre to guide by night,  
 The wandring Seaman in his course aright  
 This said, lest that his *Tygres* should astray,  
 The trembling maide, the God his coach doth stay.  
 And

And leaping from his Chariot with his heeles,  
 He prints the sand, with that the *Nymph* he f. e. les:  
 And hugging h'r, in uaine she doth resist.  
 He beares her thence, Gods can do what they list.  
 Some *Hymen* sing, and so cry,  
 So *Bacchus* with the maide that night doth lye:  
 Therefore when wine in plenteous cups do flow,  
 And thou that night vnto thy loue doth owe:  
 Pray to the god of grapes that in thy bed,  
 The quaffing healths do not offend thy head.  
 In wine much hidden talke thou maist inuent:  
 To giue thy Lady note of thy intent.  
 To tell her thou art hers and she is thine,  
 Thus euen at board make loue tricks in the wine.  
 Nay, I can teach thee though thy tongue be mute,  
 How with thy speaking eye to moue thy suite:  
 Good language may be made in lockes and wincks,  
 Be first that takes the cup wherein she drinks.  
 And note the very place her lip did tuch  
 Drinke iust at that, let thy regard be such.  
 Or when she carues, what part of all the meate  
 She with her finger tuch that cut and eate  
 Or if thou carue to her or, she to thee,  
 Her hand in taking it touch cunningly.  
 Be with her friend familiar, and be sure,  
 It much auailles to make thy loue endure:  
 When thou drink'st, drinke to him aboue the rest,  
 Grace him, and make thy selfe a thankfull guest.  
 In euery thing preferre him to his face.  
 Though in his function he be nere so base.  
 The course is safe and doth securenesse lend,  
 For who suspicible may not greet his friend.  
 Yet though the path thou tread'st seem straight and  
 In some things it is full of rubs againe.

*Loue tricks  
 used in ea-  
 ting and  
 drinking.*

(plaine,  
 Drinke

*Carrouse  
not to much.*

*Sing.  
Dance.*

Drinke sparingly, for my impose is such,  
And in your singling him take not too much:  
Carrouse not but with soft and moderate sups,  
Haue a regard and measure in your cups.  
Let both the feete and thoughts their office know,  
Chiefly beware of brawling which may grow  
By too much wine, from fighting most abstaine,  
In such a quarrell was *Eurition* slaine: (after,  
Where swaggering leades the way mischief comes  
Lunkets and wine were made for mirth & laughter,  
Sing if thy voice be delicate and sweet,  
If thou a iust dance then nimbly shake thy feet.  
If thou hast in thee ought that's more then comm<sup>n</sup>,  
Shew it; such gifts as these most please a woman.  
Though to be drunk indeed may hurt the braine,  
Yet now and then I hold it good to faine.  
Instruct thy lipping tongue sometimes to trip,  
That if a word misplac'd do passe thy lip:  
At which the carping presence find some claue,  
It may be iudg'd that quaffing was the cause.  
Then boldly say, how happy were that man,  
That could enfold thee in his armes and then  
Wish to embrace her in her sweet hearts stead,  
Whom in her eare thou rauest to see dead.  
But when the tables drawne and she among:  
The full crew rising thrust into the throng.  
And tuch her softly as she forth doth goe,  
And with thy foot tread gently on her toe:  
Now is the time to speake, be not afraid,  
Him that is bold both loue and fortune aid.  
Doubt not thy want of Rhetorick true loue show,  
Good words vnwares vpon thy tongue will flow,  
Make as thy tong could wound thy soul with griefe  
And vse what art thou canst to win reliefe.



All women of themselves selfe-loued are,  
 The foulest in their owne conceits are faire:  
 Praise them, they will belceue thee I haue knowne,  
 A meere dissembler a true louer growne.  
 Prouing in earnest what he faind in sport,  
 Then, oh you Maides, vse men in gentle sort:  
 Be affable, and kinde, and scorne eschew,  
 Loue forg'd at first may at the last proue true.  
 Let faire wordes worke into their hearts as brooks,  
 Into a hollow band that ouer looks:  
 The margent of the water praise her cheekes:  
 The coulour of her haire commend and like.  
 Her slender finger and her pretty foot,  
 Her body and each part that longs vnto't:  
 And women as you hope my stile shall raise you,  
 I charge you to beleue men when they praise you,  
 For praises please the chastest maids delight.  
 To heare their Louers in their praise to write,  
*Iuno* and *Pallas* hate the *Phrygian* soyle:  
 Where *Paris* to their beauties gaue the foile.  
 Euen yet they enuy *Venus* and still dare her,  
 To come to a new iudgement which is fairer.  
 The Peacock being praised spreads his traine,  
 But silent and he hides his wealth againe.  
 Hens trapt richly praise them in their race,  
 They will curuet and proudly mend their pace.  
 Large promises in loue I much allow,  
 Nay call the gods as witness to thy vow:  
 For *Ioue* himselfe sits in the azure skies,  
 And laughs below at louers periuries.  
 Commanding *Eolus* to disperse them quite,  
 Euen *Ioue* himselfe hath falsly sworne some write.  
 By *Stix* to *Iuno*, and since then doth show,  
 Favours to us that falsly sweare below.

Gods

Gods surely be gods, we must thinke they are,  
 To them burne incense and due rights prepare  
 Nor do they sleepe as many thinke they do,  
 Lead harmelesse liues, pay debts and forfeits to,  
 Keepe couenant with thy friend and banish fraud,  
 Kill not, and such a man the gods applaud.  
 Say women none deceiue, the gods haue spoken,  
 There is no paine impos'd on faith so broken.  
 Deceiue the sly deceiuer they finde snares,  
 To catch poore harmelesse louers vnawares.  
 Lay the like traines for them; nine yeare some faine  
 In Egypt there did fall no drop of raine,  
 When *Thratius* to the grimme *Busiris* goes,  
 And from the Oracle this answer shoves:  
 That *Ioue* must be appeas'd with strangers blood,  
 They said *Busiris* kild him where he stood:  
 And said withall thou stranger first art slaine,  
 To appease the Gods and bring great Egypt raine  
*Phallaris* bull, King *Phallaris* first said;  
 With the worke master that the Engine made:  
 Both Kings were iust, death deaths inuenter try,  
 And iustly in their owne inuentions die,  
 So should false oathes, by right false oathes beguile  
 And a deceitfull girle be caught by wile:  
 Then teach thy eyes to weepe, tears perswade truth  
 And moues obdurat *Adamant* to ruth.  
 At such speciall times that passing by,  
 She may perceiue a teare stand in thy eye.  
 Or if tears faile, as still thou canst not get them,  
 With thy moist finger rub thy eyes and wor them  
 Who but a foole that cannot iudge of blisses,  
 But when he speakes will with his word mixe kisses,  
 Say she be coy and will glue none at all,  
 Take them vngiuen, perhaps at first shee'l brawle.  
 Striue

*Fallere sal-*  
*entem non*  
*est fraud.*

*Busiris kild*  
*Thratius*  
*because he*  
*was a stran-*  
*ger.*

*weepe to*  
*her,*

*Kisse her.*

Strive and resist her all the wayes she can;  
 And say withall away you naughtie man.  
 Yet will she fight like one would looe the field,  
 And striving gladly be constrained to yeeld;  
 Be not so boisterous, do not speake to hie;  
 Lest by rude hurting of her lips she cry.  
 He that gets kisses with his pleading tongue,  
 And gets not all things that to loue belong;  
 I count him for a Meacocke and a sot.  
 Worthy to loose the kisses that he got,  
 What more then kissing wanted of the game,  
 Was thy meere dastardie, not bashfull shame:  
 They terme it force, such force comes welcome still,  
 What pleaseth them they grant against their will.  
*Phæbe* the faire was forc'd so was her sister,  
 Yet *Phæbe* in her heart thank'd him that kist her;  
 There is a tale well knowne how *Hecubs* sonne,  
 To steale faire *Hellen* through the streame did run,  
*Venus* who by his censure wonne in *Ide*,  
 Gave to him in requitall this faire bide:  
 Now for another world doth faile with ioy,  
 A welcome dau:hter to the king of *Troy*  
 The whilest the Grecians are already come,  
 Mou'd with this publick wrong against *Ilium*:  
*Achilles* in a smok his Sex doth smother,  
 And layes the blame upon his caretull mother.  
 What makes thou great *Achilles* tozing wooll,  
 When *Pallas* in a caske should hide thy skull?  
 What doth that palme with webs and wriods of gold  
 Which are more fit a warlike shield to hold?  
 Why should that right hand rocke and twig contain  
 By which the *Troyan* *Hector* must be slaine,  
 Cast off these loose vales and thy armour take.  
 And in thy hand the speare of *Pelias* shake.

Thus

Be secrett in  
loue.

Thus Lady like he with a Lady lay,  
Till what he was her belly did bewray:  
Yet was she fore'd; so oft we to beleue,  
Not to be so inforst how would she grieue.  
When he should rise from her still would she cry,  
For he had a m'd him an: his Rocke laid by,  
And with a soft voice spake *Achille* stay,  
It is to soone to rise, lie downe I pray:  
And then the man that forc'd her she would kisse,  
What force *Deidemeia* call you this.  
There is a kinde of feare in the first proffer,  
But hauing once begun she takes the offer,  
Trust not to much young man to thy face,  
Nor looke a woman should entreat thy grace,  
First let a man with sweet words smooth his way,  
Besforward in her care to sue and pray.  
If thou wilt reape fruites of thy loues effects,  
Onely begin 'tis all that she expects,  
So in the ancient times *Olimpian* Ioue,  
Made to *Heroes* suite and wonne their loue;  
But if thy words breed scorne, a while forbear,  
For many what most flies them hold most deare:  
And what they may haue profer'd fly and shunne,  
By soft retreat great vantage may be wonne.  
In person of a woer come not still,  
But sometimes as a friend in meere good will:  
Thou canst her friend, but shalt returne her Loue,  
A white soft hew my iudgement doth disproue:  
Giue me a face whose coulour knowes no art,  
Which the greeke sea hath tan'd the Sunne made  
Beauty is meere vncomely in a Clowne, (swart:  
That vnder the hot Planets plough the ground.  
And thou that *Pallas* Garland wouldst redeeme,  
To haue a white face it would ill be seene.

Beauty not  
approoued in  
a man.

Let

Let him that loues looke pale, for I protest,  
 That colour in a Louer still shewes best,  
*O-in* wandring in the woods lookt sickly,  
*Daphne* being once in loue lost colour quickly  
 Thy leannesse argues Loue, seeme sparely fed  
 And sometimes weare a nightcap on thy head,  
 For griefs and cares that in afflictions show,  
 Weaken a Louers spirits and bring him low.  
 Looke miserably poore, it much behoues,  
 That all that see you, may say, yon man loues,  
 Shall I proceed or stay, moue or disswade?  
 Friendship and faith of no account are made.  
 Loue mingles right with wrong, friendship despises  
 And the world faith holds vaine, and slightly prizes.  
 Thy Ladies beauty do not thou commend,  
 To thy companion or thy trusty friend:  
 Least of thy praise enamoured it may breed,  
 Like loue in them with passions that exceed,  
 Yet was the nuptiall bed of great *Achilles*  
 Vn-stain'd by his deare friend *Astoriades*:  
 The wife of *Thesius* though she went stray,  
 Was chaste as much as in *Pithirous* lay.  
*Phæbus* and *Pallas*, *Hermonius*, *Phillades*,  
 And the two twins we call *Tentariaes*:  
 Tend to the like, but he that in these daies,  
 For the like trust acquires the selfe same praise.  
 He may aswell f. om weedes seeke sweete rose buds,  
 Apples of thornetrees, home from the foulds.  
 Nothing is practis'd now, but what is ill,  
 Pleasure is each mans God, faith they excell:  
 And that stolne pleasure is respect d chiefe,  
 Which falls to one man by anothers grief:  
 O mischiete you young louers, feare not those,  
 That are your open and professed foes,

*Looke pale.*

*Leane.*

*Sickly.*

*Suspect thy  
friend in  
loue.*

*Suspect*

Suspect thy friend, though else in all things lust.  
 Yet in thy loue he will deceiue thy trust,  
 Friends breed true feares in loue the presence hate  
 Of thy n<sup>e</sup>are kinsman, brother and sworne mate.  
 I was about to end, but loe I see,

*Quot capita  
 bob/enus.*

How many hum<sup>o</sup>urous thoughts in women be,  
 But thou that in my Art thy name wilt raise,  
 A thousand humors woe a thousand wayes:  
 One plot of ground all simples cannot bring,  
 This is for vines, here corne their oliues spring.  
 More then be seuerall shapes beneath the skies,  
 Haue womens gestures, thoughts, and fantasies?  
 He that is apt will in himselfe deuise,  
 Innumerable shapes of fit disguise,  
 To shift and change like *Proteus* whom wee see.  
 A Lion first, a bore, and then a tree.  
 Some fishes strangely by a dart are tooke,  
 These by a net and others by a hooket  
 All ages not alike intrapped are,  
 The crooked old wife sees the traine from far.  
 Appeare not learned vnto one that's rude,  
 Nor loose to one with chastitie indu'd:  
 Shoule you so do alas the pretty elues,  
 Would in the want of Art distrust themselues,  
 Hence comes it, their best fortunes some refuse  
 And the base bed of an inferior chuse:  
 Part of my toyles remaines, and part is past  
 Here doth my shaken ship her ancker cast.

FINIS.

THE



# THE SECOND BOOKE.

**S**ing *Io Paean*, twice twice *Io* say,  
 My toyles are pitcht, & I haue caught my pray:  
 Let the glad *Louer* crowne my head with bayes  
 And before old blind *Homer* *Quid* praise.  
 So did king *Pryams* sonne exulting skip,  
 With the faire rauish'd *Hellen* in his ship:  
 So did he sing that in his chariot runne,  
 And *Victor* like the bright *Allanta* wonne.  
 Whether away young man thy harke is lost,  
 Yet in the mid-sea faire from any coa:  
 'Tis not enough to thee by my new art,  
 To finde a Lady that commandes thy heart,  
 The reach of my inuention is much deeper.  
 By art thou her shalt win, by art shalt keepe her:  
 As difficult it is by art to blinde her.  
 To thy desires, as at the first to finde her.  
 In this consists the substance of my skill,  
*Cupid* and *Venus* both assist me still.  
 And gracious *Erato* my stile prepare,  
 Thow art the muse that hast of *Louers* care,  
 I promise wondrous things, I will explaine,  
 How fickle thoughts in loue may firme remaine,

*Paris.*  
*Pelops.*

*The tale of  
Dedalus &  
his sonne  
Icarus.*

And how the wag in fetters may be hur'd,  
That strays and wanders round about the world:  
Yet is loue light and hath too wings to fly:  
Tis hard to outstripe him mounting the skie.  
What *Minos* to his guest alwayes denied,  
A desperate passage through the aire he tried:  
As *Dedalus* the Labyrinth hath built,  
In which to shut the Queen *Pasiphaes* guilt.  
Kneeling he sayes, iust *Minos* end my mones,  
And let my native country shroud my bones.  
Grant me great king, what yet the fates deny,  
And where I haue not liued o let me die:  
Or if dread Soueraigne I deserue no grace,  
Looke with a pitious eye on my childs face.  
And grant him leaue, from whence we are exile,  
Or pittie me, if you deny my childe.  
This and much more he sayes, but all in vaine:  
Both sonne and fire still doth the king detaine.  
Which he perceiuing, said, now now tis fit,  
To giue the world cause to admire thy wit:  
The Land and Sea are watcht by day and night,  
Nor land nor sea lies open to our flight:  
Onlie the ayre remaines, then let vs trie,  
To cut a passage through the aire and flie:  
Loue be auspicious to my enterprise,  
I couet not to mount about the skies,  
But make this refuge since I can prepare,  
No meanes to flie my Lord, but through the aires  
Make me immortall, bring me to the brim,  
Of the blacke *Stigian* waters, *Stix* Ile swim.  
Oh humane wit thou canst inuent much ill,  
Thou searchest strang aris who would think by skill  
A heauie man like a light bird should stray,  
And through the emptie heauens find a fit way.

He



He placeth in iust order all his quils,  
 Whose bottoms with resolued wax he fills?  
 Then bindes them with a line, and being fast tide,  
 He placeth them like oares on either side.  
 The little lad the downie feathers blew,  
 And what his father wrought he nothing knew:  
 The wax he softened with the strings he plaid,  
 Not thinking for his shoulders they were made:  
 To whom his father spake, and then lookt pale,  
 With these swift ships we to our land must saile,  
 All passage now doth cruell *Minos* stop,  
 Onely the empty aire he still leaues open:  
 That way must we, the land and the rough deepe,  
 Doth *Minos* barre the aire, he can not keepe,  
 But in the way beware thou set no eie,  
 On the signe *Virgo* nor *Bootes* hie:  
 Looke not the blacke *Orion* in the face,  
 That beares a sword, but iust with me keepe place,  
 Thy wings are now in fastning, follow me,  
 I will before thee flie, as thou shalt see.  
 Thy father mount or stoope, so I arreed thee,  
 Take me thy guide and safely I will lead thee.  
 If we should soare too neare great *Phæbus* seate,  
 The melting wax will not endure the heate.  
 Or if we fly too neare the humid seas,  
 Our moistened wings we shall not shake with ease,  
 Fly betweene both, and with the gusts that rise,  
 Let thy light bodie saile amidst the skies.  
 And euer as his little sonne he charmes,  
 He fits the feathers to his tender armes,  
 And shewes him how to moue his body light,  
 As birds do teach the little young ones flight.  
 By this he calls a counsell of his wits,  
 And his owne wings vnto his shoulders fits.

Being about to rise he fearefull quakes,  
 And in his new way his faint body shakes:  
 But ere he tooke his flight he kist his sonne,  
 Whilst floods of tears downe by his cheeks did run.  
 There was a hillock not so high and tall,  
 As lofty mountains be: nor yet so small:  
 To be with vallies euen, and yet a hill,  
 From this they both attempt their vncouth skill:  
 The father moues his wings and with respect,  
 His eyes upon his wandring sonne reflect.  
 They beare a spacious course and the apt boy.  
 Fearelesse of harmes in his new tract doth toy.  
 And flies more boldly now vpon them lookes,  
 The fishermen that angle in the brookes.  
 And with their eyes cast vpwards frighted stand,  
 By this is *Samos* isle on their left hand:  
 With *Maxos*, *Paros*, *Delphos*, and the rest,  
 Fearelesse they take the course that likes them best  
 Vpon their right hand *Eenitbos* they forsake.  
 Now *Astipelea* with thy fishie lake:  
 Shadie *Pachinne* full of woods and groues:  
 When the rash boy too bold in ventring roues.  
 Looses his guide, and takes his flight so hie.  
 That the soft wax against the Sunne doth fry.  
 And the cords slip that made the feathers fast,  
 So that his armes haue power vpon no blast:  
 He fearefully from the high clouds looks downe,  
 Vpon the lower heauens whole curd waues frowne  
 At his ambitious height, and from the skies,  
 He sees black night and death before his eyes:  
 Now melts the wax his naked arme he shake.  
 And seeking to catch hold no hold he takes.  
 But now the naked lad downe headlong falls,  
 And by the way he father; father calls?

Helpe father, helpe he cries, and as he speaks  
 A violent waue his course of language breakes,  
 The vnhappy father, but no father now,  
 Cryes out aloud. sonne *Icarus* where art thou?  
 Where art thou *Icarus*? where dost thou fly?  
*Icarus* where art? when straight he doth e'pie,  
 The feathers swimme, thus loud he doth exclaime,  
 The earth his bones, the Sea still keepes his name.  
*Minos* could not reſtraine a man from flight,  
 But winned *Cupid* be he nere ſo light.  
 He gulls himſelfe that ſeekes to witches craft,  
 Or with a young colts forehead make a draſt.  
 No power in wiſe *Medeus* potions dwells,  
 Nor drowned poyſons mixt with magicke ſpells.  
 The power of Loue is not infoe'd by theſe,  
 For were it ſo, then had *Erſonides*.  
 Beene ſtayd by *Phaſius*, and *Uliſſe* kept,  
 Who ſtole from *Circe*, while the inchantreſſe ſlept.  
 Theſe charmed drugs moues madneſſe: hurts the  
 To gaine pure loue, pure loue returne again. (brain  
 Miſchieuous thoughts eſchew to purchaſe grace.  
 Manners preuailes more then a beautilous face,  
 And yet the *Nimphes* the loue of *Nilus* lecke,  
 And *Homer* doats on *Nieureus* the faire Greeke,  
 But truſt not thou the beautie to keepe kind,  
 Thy miſtris ſeckes the beauty of thy minde  
 All outward beautie fades as yeares increaſe,  
 Euen ſo it weares away and waxeth leſſe.  
 Beautie in her owne courſe is ouertaken,  
 The violet now freſh is, ſtraight forſaken.  
 Nor allwayes do the Lillies of the field,  
 The glorious beauties of their obiect yeeld.  
 The fragrant roſe once pluckt the briery throne,  
 Shews rough & naked, on which the roſe was born

*Uſe in  
 Charms*

*No Magick  
 potions*

*Uſe man-  
 ners.*

Oh thou most faire, white haire come on apace,  
 And wrinkled furrowes which will plough thy face:  
 Instruct thy soule, thy thow hts haue perfect made,  
 These beauties last till death, all others fade.  
 To liberall arts thy carefull howers apply,  
 Learne many tongues with their true Euphony  
*Vlisses* was not faire but eloquent,  
 Yet to his Loue the Sea *Nymphes* did consent.  
 How often did the Witch his stay implore,  
 Making the Seas vnfit for sayle or oare:  
 She praide him oft, because he spake so well,  
 ouer and ouer *Troyes* sad fate to tell.  
 Whilst he with pirthy words and fluent phrase,  
 Recents the selfe same storie diuers wayes:  
*Calippe* as they on the Sea banke stood,  
 Casting their eyes vpon the neighbouring flood:  
 Desires the fall and bloody acts to heare,  
 Wrought by the *Ordnsion* Captaine's sword & spear  
 Then holding twixt his fingers a white wand,  
 What she requests he drawes vpon the sand.  
 Here's *Troy* quoth he, and then the walls he paints  
 Thinke *Simois* this imagine these my tents:  
 There was a place in which *Dolon* was slaine,  
 About the virgill watch when with the raine.  
 The *Hemonian* horses play, and as he speaks,  
 To counterfeite that place the sand he breakes,  
 Here *Scitbian* *Rhesus* tents are picht on high,  
 This way his horten en slaine, returned l.  
 More did he draw, when on the sudaine low,  
 A climing waue the shore doth ouerflow.  
 And as her drops amidst his workes doth fall,  
 It washt away his tents, his *Troy* and all:  
 To which the Goddesse dares *Vlisses* cry,  
 These seneclesse violent waues that clime so hie:

And

And wilt thou with these waters be annoyed,  
 By which so great names are so soone destroyed.  
 Then trust no idle shape, it will decay,  
 Seeke inward beauty, such as last for aye:  
 Sweete affability will enter farre  
 Into a womans breast, when scorne breeds warre.  
 We hate the hawke and loath her flesh to eat,  
 Because by rapine she doth get her meate.  
 The Wolfe we hunt, and enuy all her stocke,  
 Because the Lambe she kills, and spoiles the flocke:  
 But none the gentle swallow layes to catch,  
 The louing stockes within our turrets hatch,  
 Away with quarrels, bitter words, rough deeds,  
 Loue with kind language and faire speeches speeds  
 Strife makes the married couple often iarre:  
 The man with wife, the wife with man to warre:  
 Leauē brauls to wiues, they are their marriage do.  
 And with kinde words salute thy Paramore (wer,  
 When by appointment you shall meet in bed,  
 By the lawes done, you are not thither led:  
 Strict statutes from such actions still withdraw,  
 Yet your abounding loue supplie the Law:  
 Bring louing speeches, to eachant the eare,  
 And mouing words such as she ioies to heare:  
 I am not Tutor vnto him that's rich,  
 My precepts soare not to so high a pitch.  
 The Louer that's endow'd with gold or tee,  
 And comes with gifts, he hath no need of me.  
 He that at euery word can take supply,  
 Hath in that euery word more wit then I.  
 We yeld to him he that their laps can fill,  
 Teache h an art that goes beyond my skill.  
 My Muse instructs poore Louers wanting selfe,  
 For when I lould I was but poore my selfe.

*Be affable.**Shun strife.**Be louing.*

Be patient,

Still as my purse no store of crownes affords,  
 I in the stead of rich gifts give fair words:  
 Be fearfull you poore louers to displease,  
 Be patient to endure things against your case.  
 Things that the rich would scorne, it was my hap:  
 Once as my head lay in my mistris lap:  
 To grow inrag'd, when straight I fell to beate her,  
 To rouse her ordered locks and ill intreate her.  
 But what ensude oh God, much grieve it cost me,  
 Many sweet dayes, many sweet nights it lost it e.  
 Whether I toucht her cloathes, I might deny,  
 She sayes I tore them, I some new must buy:  
 You Schollers by your Masters harmes beware,  
 These ill by him already proued are.  
 Make against the *Parthians* warre, but to thy Loue  
 Being concord peace, and all things that can moue:  
 Though at the first you finde him but vi. toward,  
 Beare it, and she in time will proue lesse froward.  
 The crooked arme that from the uee is cut.  
 By gentle vsage is made straite, but put  
 Such violence is it as thy strength deliuers  
 And thou wilt breake the short wood into shiures.  
 By industry thou maist ore swimme a floud,  
 Whose raging currant else is scarce withstood.  
 By industry the *Tigres* gently grow:  
 And the wild *Lions* may be tamed so.  
 The sauage Bull whose fierce ire doth prouoke,  
 By industry is brought vnto the yoke:  
*Arcadian Atalanta* was most cruelie,  
 At length came one whom she esteem'd her Iewell.  
 Oft wept *Hippomanes* at his mishap,  
 And her severity who sought to intrapt  
 Her harmlesse Louers, oft, at her fierce becke,  
 He laid beuies his shoulders and her hecke.

The toyles for sauage Beasts: and with his speare,  
He pierst such vntam'd cattell as came neare:

To such hard taskes I do not thee compell

To arme thy body against Monsters fell.

In the wide wildernesse to seeke out broyles,

Nor on thy necke to beare the guilefull toyles.

My imposition is not seure:

No such adventures are inioyned here.

This onely meanes all dangers will disperse:

Yeeld her her humour when she goes peruerse:

What she in conference argues, argue thou,

What she approues, in sclesame words allow,

Say what she saies, deny what she denies,

If she laugh, laugh, if she weepe wet thine eyes.

And let thy countenance be to thine a law,

To keepe thy actions and thy lookes in awe:

Or if thou hand to hand shalt play at dice,

At tables or at chests by some deuile,

Let her depart a Conquerour else'twere sinne,

What gladly thou wouldst loose, that let her win.

Let thy officious hane then beare her fan. (man

When thou shalt chance her through the streets to

Make thy supporting arme to hers a stay,

Through throngs and pressies vther her the way.

As she ascends her bed set her a staire.

By which to clime and every thing prepares:

That she may see them done without offence,

Reach thou her pantesles or take them thence.

And standing by to watch her while she rests,

Warme thy cold hands betwixt her panting breasts

Nor thinke it bate, 'twill please though it be base,

To hold the glasse vnto thy Mistris face.

He that deseru'd within those heauen to tarry:

Which he before vpon his backe did carry.

*Humour be.*

*Loose to her  
at game*

*Beare her  
fanne.*

*Hercules*

*Performing*

Performing more then *Iuno* could command him  
 So wrong, that no fierce monster could withstand him  
 Euen he *Al ides Ioles*. Grace to win.  
 Shapt like a woman did both card and spin.  
 Go thou, and in his seruill place proceed,  
 And gaine as faire a mistress for thy need:  
 Art thou inioyn'd at such an hower to be,  
 In the great *Forum* where she waites for thee.  
 Hasten thy weary steps and thank thy fate,  
 Come there betimes, depart not thence till late:  
 Bids she thee go, all businesse lay apart,  
 Run, till with extreame heate thou melt thy heart.  
 Sups she abroad, and wants she one to attend her,  
 Backe to her lodging, it will not offend her:  
 To wait her at the same place in the porch,  
 And light her home directly with a torch:  
 Is she in the Country, and commands thee come,  
 Hast thou no coach vpon thy ten toes run.  
 Let neither winter blast, nor stormes of haile,  
 Nor the hot thirstie dogstarre let thee faile:  
 Shun neither heate nor cold but see thou go,  
 Though euery step, thou treadst knee deep in snow  
 Loue is a kinde of war, all such deparr,  
 As beare a timorous or a sloathfull heart, (ons,  
 Nights, winters, long waies, watching grieue in mili-  
 Torments Loues souldiers in their soft pavilions:  
 On cold ground thou must lie, beare many a showr  
 When the heauens open and the floudgates powr.  
 So *Phabus* when *A metus* sheepe he kept,  
 In a thatch cottage on the cold flower slept.  
 What *Phabus* did, who may it not befeeme,  
 Better then *Phabus* of him selfe esteeme:  
 What mortall louer dare, then sloth despise,  
 You that confirm'd and lasting loue desire.



If at the cutward gate a watch stand centry,  
 Or say the bolts or locks deny the entry: (crall,  
 Search some strange passage, through a casement  
 Or by a cord downe from the chimney fall.  
 There in her louing armes she strait will take,  
 Reioicing thou wouldst hazard for her sake:  
 Euery vaine feare and danger thou dost prone,  
 Is a sure pledge and token of thy loue:  
 Oft had *Leander* without *Hero* slept,  
 To find his loue into the sea he leapt.  
 Think it no shame the fauour to deserue,  
 Of euery Maid, that doth thy Mistress serue:  
 Salute them by their names in curtesie sort,  
 For these are they that can preferre thy sport:  
 And more and more into their grace to grow,  
 Some trifling gifts on each of them bestow:  
 Especially regard her smiles or frownes-  
 Whose office is to brush her Mistis gownes:  
 To her make meanes, for she is groome porter,  
 Both to her bed, and such as do resort her:  
 Great and rich gifts I do not bid thee send her,  
 I meane thy loue, but knacks of value slender:  
 As when the orchard beughes are clad with fruite,  
 In some choice dish from thence commed thy suite  
 And let the little page that beares them say,  
 Though thou perhapst hast bought them by the way  
 These pears, or plums, or grapes which I present you  
 As his first frutes were by Mistress sent you.  
 Or be they hazell nuts, or chesnuts great,  
 Euen such as *Amant* lou'd to eate.  
 Or a young *Turkie*, these will shew thy hart-  
 These gifts send freely, lay thy gold apart:  
 Such presents neuer bring men to dispaire,  
 To vntimely age, or to tormenting care.

*Hazard for  
her.*

*To use her  
maides.*

*What gifts  
to send her.*

Send her  
verses.

Note.

Praise her  
active.

O let them amongst others rot and perish.  
That hate mens person, and their presence cherish.  
What shall I bid thee send her, metred rimes.  
Alas, they find small honour in these times,  
Verses they praise, but gold they most require,  
If rich, though barbarous he commands desire:  
This is the golden age: not that of old,  
Both life and honour are now bought with gold,  
Though *Homer* bring the Muses in the traine,  
Yet without gold he may reuie again:  
Some girles their be but they be passing few,  
Worthy to rancke amongst that learned crew.  
Others vnlearned there are yet would be held,  
As if in skill in iudgement they excel'd:  
Both let thy verses praise, and in a stile,  
O sweetest posie their worthe compilet  
Perhaps thy laboured lines they may esteeme;  
And like a slight gift thy sweet verses seeme.  
What thou intend'st to do by some fine feate,  
Cause of thy Lady may of thee entreat.  
Art thou by couenant tide, and must it be,  
That thou of force must set thy seruant free:  
Contriue it so, that it she dare protest,  
Thou hadst not freed him but at her request.  
Art thou for any rash offence allwag'd,  
So make thy peace, that she may be ingag'd:  
Do as thy profit leades thee and yet so,  
That she for euery thing thou dost may owe.  
And thou that hast attain'd by passions deepe,  
Thy Ladies grace and wouldst her fauour keepe.  
Make her beleue still when thou view'st her face  
Through all the world she is the fairest creature.  
If cloth of *Tire* she weare that habit laud,  
Her *Tertian* vesture with thy tongue applaud.

like which we from rich *Arabia* trafficke,  
 weare such attire cannot be found through *Affrick*  
 cloth of gold she weare, tush gold is base,  
 you compare her habit to her face:  
 in the cold she but a freeze gowne weare,  
 then her perfection makes that garment deare.  
 she compleatly drest, and rapt with ioy?  
 Cry out aloud my heart burnes bright as *Troy*.  
 Doth she about her forehead part her haire?  
 That louely scene doth make her twice as faire:  
 Are her cild locks in careless tresses dangled?  
 In these crispe knots thy heart must be intangled.  
 If she doth dance, admire her actiue feet,  
 If sing then wonder at her voice so sweet.  
 But when she ceaseth, either then complaine,  
 treating her to try her skill againe.  
 Do this and were her heart as hard as brasse,  
 Or more obdurate then *Medusæ's* was,  
 Yet she in time shall be compeld to yeeld,  
 And thou depart a Conqueror from the field:  
 Onely beware of too apparent flattery,  
 It will destroy the sledge and tedious battery.  
 Dismbling with Art, tempered much imports,  
 Else from all future credit it deports:  
 In Autumne when the yeare is in his pride.  
 And the grape full with wine red's on the side.  
 When the cleare aire keeps a deuided seate,  
 Affording sometimes cold and sometimes heate.  
 Women are prone to loue healthfull and quicke,  
 But if by chance thy Lady be false sicke,  
 Make both thy loue, zeale, faith, & all things cheap,  
 Then sow what with full sickle thou maiest reape,  
 Cast all about her longing thoughts to please,  
 Seeme nor as if thou lothest her disease:

*Her dancing*  
*Her voice.*

Employ

Imploꝝ thy hand in each thing done to her,  
 These offices euen of themselves will woo her!  
 Let her behold thee weepe as thou stands by  
 That she may drinke each teare falls from thy eie,  
 Vow manie things, but all in publicke stile  
 Tell her thy pleasing dreaumes soe make her smile.  
 And let the trembling nurse thought fit to watch,  
 Bring in her shaking hand a kindled match:  
 Let her peruse the bed and make it soft,  
 Whilst with thy hand thou turnst & rearest her oft;  
 These are the easie footsteps thou maist tread,  
 Which haue made way to manie a wanton bed:  
 No such faire office can with hate be stained,  
 Rather by these affection is soone gained  
 But minister no drugs of bitter iuice,  
 Such let the riual temper to his vse,  
 Now greater gusts must to my Barke giue motion,  
 Being from the shore launcht forth into th' ocean.  
 Young loue at first is weake and craues forbearing  
 But in continuance gathers strength by wearing:  
 Yon moodie bull of whom thou art afraid  
 Being but a calfe thou with his hornes hast plaid.  
 That tree beneath whose branches thou dost stand  
 To steeld thee from a storme was once a wand:  
 A Riuer at the first not once a stride,  
 Increaseth as he runs his waters wide,  
 Receiuing in Fresh brookes in diuers ranks,  
 Till he in pride haue overflowne his bankes,  
 Vie to conuerse with her, the speeder knowes,  
 What strength from custome & acquaintance grows  
 Frequent her often, be from her, seld away.  
 Keepe in her care and eie both night and day,  
 And yet sometimes from these thou maist desist,  
 'Tis good one should be asked for being mist

Frequent  
 her

Be absent from her some conuenient season,  
And let her rest a while it is but reason.

*Be absent  
from her.*

The field being spar'd returns vs treble gaine,  
After great drough, the earth carrouses raine:

*Phyllis* did loue *Demophoon* but not doate,  
Vntill she saw his flying ship a floate.

*Penelope* her absent Lord did mourne,

*Pliges.*

So *Laodemia* did till the returne,

Of her deare spouse but be not long away.

Cares perishe new loue enters by delay.

When *Menelaus* from his house is gone,

Poore *Hellen* is afraid to lie alone:

And to allay these feares lodg'd in her breast,

In her warme bosome she receiues her guest.

What madnesse was it *Menelaus* say,

Thou art abroad whilst in thy house doth stay,

Vnder the selfesame rooffe thy guest and Loue,

Madman vnto the Hawke to turne the Dove.

And who but such a gull would giue to keepe,

Vnto the mountaine wolfe full folds of sheepe,

*Hellen* is blamelesse, so is *Paris* too,

And did what thou or I my selfe would do.

The fault is thine I tell thee to thy face,

By limiting these louers time and place,

From thee the seed of all thy wrongs are growne,

Whose counsell hath she followed but thy owne.

Alas what should she do, abroad thou art,

At home thou leau'st thy guest to play thy part:

To lie alone the poore wench is afraid,

In the next roome an amorous stranger laid,

Her armes are open to embrace him he falls in,

And *Paris* I acquit thee of thy sinne:

Neither the bristled Boare in his ferce wrath,

*Womans  
rage.*

Torne by the rauinous dogs more anger hath

Nor

Nor the she Lion hid within some ake,  
 Seeking her lost whelp, hid within some brake,  
 Nor the short Viper doth more anger threaten,  
 Whom some vnwarie heele hath crusht and beaten.  
 Then a fierce woman shewes her selfe in mind,  
 Her dearest in adulterous armes to find.  
 Oh then she swells, her fierd eie burees apace,  
 And you may see her though s writ in her face:  
 Through swordes, through flames she rushes, ther's  
 So grieuous but she acts it with her will: (no ill.  
 This breakes all mutuall loue though well com-  
 pounded,  
 This destroies all, though nere so firmelie ground-  
 ed.

*Medea* did her husbands guilt repaire.  
 And with her bloudie hand *Aspseretis* slay.  
 Yon Swallow which thou seest was such another,  
 Before her transformation a fierce mother;  
 And that he deeds may yet be vnderstood:  
 The feathers of her breast were staine with bloud  
 But for all this I taske not thy affection,  
 Of one, and her alone to make election:  
 You Gods defend the fords should proue so deepe,  
 These married men haue much adoe to keepe.  
 Play you the wantons, but being done conceale it,  
 And by no brags or foolish boasts reueale it.  
 Meete at no certaine houre, giue no knowne gift,  
 Thy vsuall place of meeting of en shift:  
 It may be shroud disturbers some may send thee,  
 And spialls may be set to apprehend thee,  
 And when thou writest peruse thy letter first,  
 Before thou send some, take things at the worst.  
*Venus* being wrong'd, maks war still mouing sorrow  
 Who late from others grieve their mirth did borrow.  
 While

Whilst *Agamemnon* liu'd with one contented, and  
 His Wife was chaste and neuer it repented:  
 His secret blows her heart did so prouoke,  
 Wanting a sword she with the scabbard stroke,  
 She heares of *Chirses* and the many iares,  
 About *Liruesis* to increase the warres:  
 And therfore meer reuenge the Lady charmes,  
 To take *Thieftes* in her amorous armes.  
 If when thou hast gone on thy nightly arrant,  
 The act by circumstance peares too apparant:  
 Deny it stedfastly, what ere they know,  
 And boldly face them that it was not so:  
 Be not so sad on oft too mirthfull cheare,  
 Least in thy countenance thy deeds appeare:  
 In thy close meetings vse thy nimble knee,  
 It may perhaps a bould intruder be.  
 And after so repulsd scale the fort,  
 But venture not too rashly on thy sport:  
 Many there be by whose vnskilfull motions,  
 You are prescrib'd strang drugs and diners potions:  
 To make you lustie they are poysons all,  
 To infect the body and inflame the gall,  
 Pepper with biting nettles seed they mixe,  
 Of bastard pellitory some few sticks:  
 Which beaten and in old wine drunk vp cleare,  
 Makes spightfull men aloft their standards beare:  
 The Goddessse that beneath high *Ereps* raignes,  
 Vnto her pleasure no such bloud constraines:  
 White skallions brought you from *Megara* eate,  
 With garden sage make sallets to thy meate.  
 Take new laid eggs, fresh hony from the Bees,  
 Pine apple nuts full ripe, eate such as these:  
 This wholesome fare breeds nought, corrupt or true,  
 What hath my Art to do with hellish Magicke.

Thou that but now wast bid thy guilt to hide,  
 Turnes from that course, boast and in it take pride  
 Nor blame the lightnesse of thy Tutors mind,  
 You see we do not saile still with one wind,  
 Sometimes the East, and when his fury faileth  
 West, North and South by turne doth bill our saile:  
 The Chariot driuer sometimes flakes his raines,  
 Sometimes againe he flies he restraines.  
 Many these be which culmes much doth blind,  
 And if he finde a riual grow vnkind:  
 Prosperity makes humane minds grow ranck;  
 Themselves to know, or their great God to thank,  
 Nor is it held an easie taske to find;  
 Men that all fortunes beare with equall mind.  
 As fire, his strength being wasted bites his head,  
 In the white ashes sleeping though not dead.  
 And when a suddaine blast doth come by chance,  
 Spare fire and light all wake as from a trance:  
 So when with sloth and rest the spirits grow blunt  
 We must be quickened euen as fire is went.  
 Make her to feare and to looke pale sometime,  
 By shewing her some instance of thy crime:  
 Which she suspected erst in some strange vaines,  
 Must she abide whilst she thy guilt complaines.  
 No sooner the report of this assailes her,  
 But colour, voice, and euey sence strait failes her  
 Then I am he whose face she masely teares,  
 Whom she desire to haue straight by the cares  
 Hare me she must and yet good God she may not,  
 Without me liue she will (alas) but cannot,  
 Dwell not vpon this passion, but at length.  
 Make peace, in little time rage gathers strength:  
 By this her white neck with thy arms embrace,  
 Drying the tears that trickle downe her face,



Kisse her yet weeping, her yet weeping show,  
 All the proud sweets the Queen of loue doth know  
 This makes true concord in her greatest rage,  
 These sports alone her passion can assuage,  
 Peace goes vnarm'd & knowe not warlike fashion  
 This happy peace is knowne among all nations  
 Doves by their nōbring songs shew their good will  
 But now they fought, & now they loyne their bills,  
 The first confused Masse no order knew,  
 Earth Sea and Heauen, had all one face, one hue  
 Strait was the heauens the earths large covering  
 The shore girt in the Sea not to invade, (made  
 Either in others bounds then others coast,  
 And each thing in their severall part increast  
 The woods receive the beasts, aire the birds take,  
 Fish the Sea choose and the land forsake,  
 Man wanders in the field and knows no art,  
 Meare strength his body rules, meare lust his hart,  
 Grous were his cities, shadowed bows his dwelling  
 Water his drink all other drinks excelling,  
 And long it was ere man the woman knew,  
 Till pleasure did their appetites pursue,  
 And then vpon these vnknown sweets the ventred  
 Whoe many an vnseasoned sort was scald and enterd  
 Art they had none, no man then plaid the Sutor,  
 But lay with her and li'd without a tutor:  
 Euen so one bird doth with another toy,  
 And the male fish doth with the female toy,  
 The Hart the Doe doth follow, serpents to  
 Are with the serpents held their seat to do:  
 The hounds in their aquilettie parts were fast,  
 The joyfull Ewe receives the Ram at last,  
 The Cow with lofty bellowing meets the Bull,  
 And the ranke he Goats finds the female grull.

The Mare to try the valiant horses courage  
 Swims ouer fords, and doth large pastures forage  
 To thy offended loue giue this strong potion,  
 And perfect friendship shal succede the motion.  
 This medicine rightly took all hate expels,  
 Apply it then, others it far excels,  
 As I was winning, loe the God of fire,  
 Appeares, and with his thimbe he stroke his life.  
 In his right hand a branch of Lawrell grew,  
 A Lawrell chaplet I might likewise view,  
 Circle his brow, though all men do not know it,  
 This shewes the Sunnes God Phœbus is a Poet.  
 Who after mouing of his head thus spake  
 Mistress of Loue, thy anctious Schollers take,  
 And lead them to my temple built on high,  
 There is an old Sunne knowne in euery skie.  
 Which by his Characters doth plainly shew  
 That euery man must learne himselfe to know  
 Alone he wisely leues that can do so  
 He that is faire may shew his anctious face,  
 Whose skinn is white to do his colour grace.  
 Ly raked with his necke and shouldeers bare,  
 Let him thin silence, whose discourse is rare.  
 He that sings fine by art, that drinks drink to,  
 By art and without cunning nothing do.  
 Let not the learned in their words declaim,  
 Nor the vaine Poet prate of his owne fame.  
 So Phœbus warnes; Phœbus himselfe hath said it.  
 And his braue words are worthy to haue credit.  
 To come more neare the Louer that I oues wisely,  
 If these my precepts he obserue precisely:  
 Shal reach his wish, th earth brings not sill increase  
 Ships when the winds keep in, their course do  
 cease.

Few be our helps, but many be our troubles,  
 Small is our furth'rance which our let still doubles  
 A Louer must endure much griefe besides,  
 For euery Hare in ~~Earth~~ that abides.

For euery berry that the Olive yeelds,  
 For euery spike of grasse sprong in the fields;  
 For euery shall strowed on the salt sea shore,  
 Loue hath one grief to tast, and ten griefs more.  
 As told that she abroad, but now did wonder,  
 Yet in the window seest her with her Pander.  
 Blame thou thine eies, for it shall much auail thee  
 Think not that newes, but that thy eie sight fail'd  
 thee,

Locks she the doore she promised to leaue open.  
 O thinke not she deceitfully hath spoken.  
 Take vp thy lodging make thy bed thy floore,  
 Thy pillow the cold threshold of the doore:  
 Perhaps a Maide from high may cast a flout,  
 And aske what's he doth keep the gates without.  
 Yet both the Maide and rude posts do thou flatter,  
 Sprinkling the seats and portalls with rose water,  
 If she call come if bid thee go, then trudge.

Railes she vpon thee, doth she call thee drudge:  
 Nay doth she knocke thee, beare it, it is meete,  
 Nor scorne it though she bid thee kisse her feet.

I dwell on trifles, greater matters heare,  
 To which thou people lend a generall care:

On stricter impositions now we enter.  
 Vertue is still employed no hard aduenter.

A riual brooke do this, and by Ioues power,  
 Thou art inthrong'd a Conquerour in his tower,  
 Oh thinke me not a man that thus doth teach,  
 Some rough hew'd oake doth this hard doctrine  
 preach.

This is the hardest thing I can impose thee,  
 If she desire beare it, if she shewes thee  
 Her hand; forbear to read it euery day,  
 When she calls come, when she commaunds thee stay  
 This euen the married to lead peacefull liues,  
 Art enforced to endure of their faire wiues,  
 I am not perfect I must needs confesse,  
 In this my art, though I this art professe,  
 What shall I then my word I cannot keepe,  
 I haue no power to swim a sea so deepe,  
 Shall any kisse my Lady I being by  
 And to his throat shall I not madly fly.  
 Shall any becken to her and I beare it,  
 Shall any court her and I stand to heare it  
 I saw one kisse my Mistris I complained,  
 And anger all my vitall spirits constrained.  
 My loue alas with Barbarisme abound,  
 And doth my wits and spirits whole confounds  
 That Wittossl is much better skild then I,  
 Who sees such sights, and patiently stands by.  
 To keepe the room where such things are in place,  
 Despoiles the front of shamefastnesse and grace:  
 Then oh you young men though you come to view  
 Your loo's beguile you, do not think it true  
 Against all censures I euer hold this plea,  
 It is not good to take them *Res in Res*  
 Where two are taken napping both alike,  
 Their mutuall guilt makes them the oftner strike,  
 This tale through heauen is blazd how ynwar  
*Venus and Mars* was taken in *Vulcan*, snares  
 The God of war doth in his brow discouer,  
 The perfect and true paterne of a Louer.  
 Nor could the Goddess *Venus* be so cruell,  
 To deny *Mars*, soft kinde is a lewell,

Spight her  
 son

The son of  
 Venus and  
 Mars

In any woman, and become her well,  
 In this the Queen of Loue doth most excell.  
 Oh God) how often haue they mockt and flouted,  
 The smiths polt-foot, which nothing the misdoubt-  
 Made iests by him and by his begrim'd trade. (red:  
 And his smudg'd visage black with coledust made.  
 Mars tickled with loud laughter when he saw,  
 Venus like Vulcan limpe, and halt, and draw,  
 One foot behinde another with a grace,  
 To counterfeite his odde and vn even pace.  
 Their meeting first they did conceale with feare,  
 From euery searching eye and captiues eare.  
 The God of war and his lasciuious Dame.  
 In publicke view were full of bashfull shame.  
 But the Sunne spies how this sweet paire agree,  
 Oh that bright Phabus can be hid from thee.  
 The Sunne both sees and blab: the sight forthwith  
 And in all post he speeds to tell the Smith.  
 Oh Sunne what bad example dost thou show,  
 What thou in secret seest must all men know.  
 For silence ask a bribe from her faire treasure, (sure  
 She'l grant thee that shal make thee swel with plea-  
 The god whose face is smudgd with smok and fire,  
 Placeth about the bed a net of wire.  
 So quietly made that it deceiues the eye,  
 Stat as he faines to Lemnos he must lye:  
 The louers meet where he the traine hath set,  
 And both lay eacht within the wery net.  
 He calls the Gods, the louers naked sprale  
 And cannot rise, the Queene of Loue shewes all.  
 Mars chafes, and Venus weepes, neither can flinch  
 Grappled they lye, in vain they kicke and winch  
 Their legs are one within anothers ty'd,  
 Their hands so fast that they can nothing hide.

Among these high Spectators once by chance,  
 That saw them naked in this pitfall dance:  
 Thus to himselfe said, if that it tedious be,  
 Good God of warre bestow thy place on me.  
 Scarce at thy prayers god *Neptune* he vnbound the  
 But would haue left the as the gods ther found the  
 The nets vntide, *Mars* strait repaires to *Creet*,  
*Venus* to *Paptes*, after that they meet.  
 What did this help thee *Vulcan* shall I tell thee,  
 Vnto more grieve and rage it will compell thee:  
 The publicke meeting which at first shame couers  
 Is now made free; who knowes not they be louers.  
 There is no hope they should be now reclaim'd,  
 Worse then they haue been, how should they be  
 Of thy rash deed it often doth repent thee, (tham'd  
 Mad art thou in thy mind, yet must content thee:  
 This I forbid you so doth *Venus* too,  
 It harm'd her, and she forwarnes it you.  
 Lay for thy riual then no secer snares,  
 Nor intercept his tokens vnawares:  
 Let those close prancks by such iust men be tride,  
 That are by fire and water purifide.  
 Behold once more I giue you all to know,  
 Same wanton loues my art doth nothing show:  
 No gouern'd Matron well and chastiely guided,  
 I here protest is in my verse derided.  
 What prophane man at *Ceres* kites dare smile,  
 Or blab her secrets kept in *Samos* Ile.  
 Silence is held a vertue, silence then,  
 Tels taile and blabs, he, *Venus* hates such men:  
 For blabbing *Tantalus* is plac'd in hell,  
 And there must euer and for euer dwell.  
 Hungry, whilst ripened fruit hangs by his lip,  
 Thirsty, whilst water by his chin doth slip:

But

But *Venus* more desires then any other,  
 Her secret misteries and rights to smother.  
 I charge you let no tell-tales hither come,  
 Such amongst manie there must needs be some:  
 Hide her reports from euerie eare that lists,  
 And locke her secrets vp in brazen chests.  
 In their new births till pleasures buried be,  
 Twixt vs they grow, betwixt vs let them die.  
 Her naked parts, if she to any shewes,  
 Her readiest hand to shadow them she throwes,  
 The shamelesse beasts in common field do stray,  
 And a ft their generation at noone day.  
 Which Maides by chance espying, cry oh spight,  
 And through their fingers looke to see the sight.  
 But when our Louer with his mistris meet,  
 Haue beds & doores shut twixt them and the streets  
 With clothes & vailles their nakednes they shroud  
 Wishing the bright Sonne hid behind some cloud.  
 Euen in those daies when men on Acorns fed,  
 And the greene turfe was made the generall bed:  
 When no thatcht cottage or poore houle was build-  
 ded.  
 By which from heate of cold they might be shield-  
 ded.

Into the woods and caues the people went:  
 And their sweet pleasures there remotely spent.  
 In the Sunnes presence they shew'd nothing bare.  
 The rudest and most barbarous had his care.  
 As loath the day should view their publick shames,  
 Now to their nightly actions they give names,  
 Bargaines and price is made in all their doings,  
 And nothings costs vs dearer then our wongs.  
 Let not thy talke be when thou com'st in place,  
 To say she, this, or that wench did me grace:

Noath.

Or

Or point then with thy finger, it may fall  
 Thus thou maist looff her whom thou louest & all,  
 Others there be from street to street do wander,  
 And innocent women in their shops do slander.  
 Forging of them they know not many a lye,  
 Which were they true the gladly would deny:  
 For who command not they their spoile is such,  
 Whose breast they cannot fold their name the tuch  
 Go then thou odious Pander that keeps whores,  
 A thousand locks hang fast vpon thy doores:  
 Part of her honest canst thou keepe within,  
 When her whole name abroad is full of sinne;  
 Do not their wanton wishes make them nought,  
 When they desire to be as they are thought:  
 Sincereest Loues we sparingly do teach,  
 Yet like no publicke craft their names impeach,  
 Diffembie every fault in their complexions,  
 Hit not in womens teeth their imperfections.  
 I wish you rather smother them, then blame them,  
 They lose if you praise them, hate if shame them:  
*Andromeda* was badly fides and backe.  
 To *Perseus* seen, he did not reeorne her blacke.  
*Andromeda* she was of so huge a stature,  
 One louing Heifer prai'd her gifts of nature:  
 And lik'd her saile, as she first despised,  
 Seem not so grosse when men be well aduised.  
 Continuance and acquaintance wears away.  
 Such spots as are apparant the first day:  
 A young plant clothed in a tender rinde,  
 Cannot withstand the fury of the winde,  
 But when his bark is growne, he scorns each blast,  
 In sight of whom he grows and bears at last:  
 Euerie succeeding week and following day,  
 Takes from acquainted looks a stain away.

Necessary  
 observations  
 in a lover.

And



And what to day a grosse blot thou wouldst thinke  
 To morrow in thy eye appeares much lesse.  
 Young Heifers cannot be tickt to beare,  
 The ranke and lustie Bull for the first yeares  
 But their society acquaints the smell,  
 After continuance they can brooke it well.  
 Then fauour their disgraces and relieue them,  
 Blemishes helpe by the good names you giue them  
 To her whose skin is blacke as *Ebon* was,  
 I haue said ere now, Oh 'tis a good browne lasse.  
 Or if she look a squint, as I am true,  
 So *Venus* looks if she be black of hew,  
 Pale for the world like *Pallas* be she growne  
 Yellow by heaucens *Minerva* vp and downe:  
 If she be tall then for her height commend her,  
 She that is hane like *Enuie* terme her slender:  
 She that is dwarfish name her light and quick,  
 And call her well set grubbed *thick*,  
 She that is puffed like *Perrotus* in the cheek,  
 Is but full fac'd, and *Daphne* she is like:  
 Thus qualifie their faults, not to disgrace them,  
 But in a higher rank of beautie place them:  
 Or hapnest thou of but one dimme of sight,  
 Wrinkled her brow, her grissled haire turnd white  
 Her nose and chin ha'te meet she would take scorn  
 To tell who Counsell was when she was borne.  
 Then if to such thy loue thou wilt engage,  
 Look that at no time thou dost aske her age.  
 Though she want teeth and haue a flauering tong  
 Yet she takes paines to be counted young,  
 This is the age young men that bring the gaine:  
 And plenteous harvest of the spring tides paine,  
 Imploy your selues then in your youth & strength,  
 Age with a soft space strales en you at length.

Spend

Spend thou the youth at Sea or till the land,  
 Or take a warlike weapon in thy hand:  
 Follow the wars, siege townes, or lye in trenches,  
 Or if not so, then learn to loue faire wenchens.  
 It is a warfare too, when men are trained,  
 And euen by this employment wealth is gained:  
 Such discipline, such practise must be vsed  
 By vs, as those who hostile armes haue chused.  
 Some women by their industry and paines,  
 The losse of yeares recouers and regaines:  
 Times speedy course is by their art controlld.  
 They can preferre themselves from seeming old,  
 Their amorous pastimes and lasciuious playes,  
 They shape and fashion many thousand wayes:  
 With sundry pleasures they their trade commixe,  
 And euery seuerall day deuise new tricks  
 They can prouoke the appetite and please it,  
 Coniure the spirit vp and strait appease it:  
 But these rich feasts of sweets which they prepare,  
 Women and men should both of euen hands share.  
 I hate the bed that yeelds not mutuall ioyes,  
 And thats the cause I loue not iugling boyes:  
 I hate her denies that no spirit will vse,  
 Yeelding no more then what she cannot chuse.  
 I like not pleasure, though I like the beantie,  
 Lasses of Loue performe not but of duty:  
 Duty away, I banish thee the place,  
 Where mutuall Louers mutuall sweets embrace,  
 Let me the musicke of her soft voice heare,  
 Whispering her ransht pleasures in my eare,  
 To bid me on, then pause, proceed, then stay,  
 And tired with that, to try some other way,  
 Let me behold her eyesturne vp the whites,  
 Now to be capt, now languish in delights.

These

These prodigall pleasures nature hath not giuen,  
 To the first age a little aboue seauen.  
 The wine that from the vnripe grape is press,  
 Is tart, and sower, the mellow wine tastis best:  
 The palme tree till it hath a well growne rinde,  
 Cannot withstand the violence of the winde.  
 The mead new mowne doth pricke the feet that's  
 Degant the young *Hermione* was faire: (bare  
 But to preferre the gile before the mother,  
 The beauctious *Helen* neither one nor other  
 Can so blasphem e, heres *Gorge* some adore her:  
 But who praise her before the Saint that bore her  
 Now I suppose ripe fruites I most approue;  
 And in my thoughts I couer mellowed loues  
 Yon brd new toft, behold where it discouers,  
 The curtaines being drawne to wanton louers:  
 There stay my muse, no further now proceed,  
 Without thy help they both can speak and speed.  
 Without thy help kind words will quickly passe,  
 Betwixt the Louer and his amorous Lasse:  
 Without thy help their hands will nimble creep,  
 And in each tickle place their office keep.  
 Nay euery finger will a selfe imploy.  
 To adde increase to thy imperfect ioy: (hide,  
 Handling those parts where loue his darts doth  
 This valiaunt *Hector* with his wife hath tride:  
*Ancromache* to this of force must yeeld,  
 His vallour was not onely for the field:  
 This stout *Achilles* of his loue desired,  
 When with the slaughter of his enemies tired,  
 He daught his cusses and vnarm'd his head:  
 To tumble with her on a downe soft bed;  
 Thou didst reioyce *Driseis* to embrace,  
 His bruised corpes, and kisse his blood stained face,  
 These

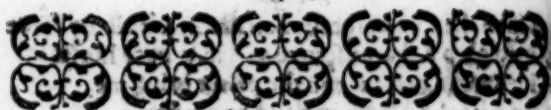
These warlike hand that did but late embrew,  
 Themselves in blood of Troians whom they slew,  
 Were now imploy'd to tickle touch and feele,  
 And shake a lance that hath no point of steeler.  
 Beloue me, for I spack as I haue tasted,  
 Thosports of Venus are not to be hasted.  
 They should be rather by degrees prolonged:  
 By too much speed much of the sport is wronged  
 When thou by chance hast hit vpon the place,  
 Which being toucht a girl still hides her face:  
 For beare not though she blush & spring & kieke,  
 And tumbling shew thee many a gamble trick.  
 Thou shalt behold her straitely still amazed.  
 Her eyes with a lasciuious tincture glazed:  
 Affording a strange kinde of humidelight,  
 As when the Moone in water shines by night.  
 Let neither amorous words cease their inchanting  
 Murmure nor whispering sounds of ioyes wanting.  
 Yea their loue euery sweet content resort,  
 Euery word, deed and thought that furthers sport.  
 Let not thy Mistris vs so swift a faile,  
 Nor let thy hast beyond her speed preuaile.  
 Both keep one course, your oares together strike,  
 Your iourneys on then, make your pace alike.  
 Together strue at once win to the marke,  
 You may no question grope it in the dark.  
 Then is the fulnesse of all sweet content,  
 When both at once strue both at once are spent.  
 Such course obserue when as the time is free:  
 And that no iealous eyes attend on thee:  
 Being secure no future danger feare  
 Then thou maist boldly dally without feare.  
 But if thou beest not safe, and hast short leasure,  
 Doubtfull to be disturbd amidst thy pleasure,

Make then what speed thou canst, use all thy force  
 And clasp a sharpe spurre to a iade pack horset  
 My worke is at an end the palms bring me,  
 And let the Mrtle garland be my fee  
 How much renowned great *Jullidorus* was,  
 That all the *Greeks* in *Phuich* did surpass,  
 As famous as great *Nellor* for his age,  
 Or streng *Achilles* for his warlike rage.  
 As much extold as *Calchas* for his charmes,  
 Or *Telemonius* *Ajax* by his armes  
 As for his *Charion*: kill *Autemadon*,  
 So great in *Loue* shall I be consur'd on.  
 Cannonize me your *Poets*, give me praise,  
 And crowne my *Temples* with fresh wreathes of  
 bayes:

Let this my laud in every mouth be song,  
 And my fame cleuger though the whol earth rong  
 I give you *zincour*, such goe *Vulcan* framed,  
 So great *Achilles* he his enemies tamed.  
 And so do ye, but what soere he be,  
 That by my armes int dures his enemy  
 This *Motto* let him giue, lo her's a *Lase*  
 By *Ouid* my arts *Maister* conquered was:  
 Bet old young *Wretches* likewise craue my skill  
 They shall be neat instructed by my quill,

FINIS.

THE



# THE THIRD BOOKE.

**A**Rm'd at all points, the Greeke to field is gone,  
 To encounter with the naked *Amazon*:  
 Behold like weapons in my power remain.  
 For the *Penthesilea* and thy traine.  
 Go arm'd alike, fight and they ouercome,  
 Whom sacred *Venus* fauours and her sonne:  
 It were not meet poore naked girles should stand  
 To encounter men provided hand to hand.  
 To conquer at such odds 'twere shame for men,  
 Oh but some say, why *Quid* should they pen  
 Put poyson into snakes, or giue to keepe,  
 Vnto the rauenous *Wolfe* a fould of sheep,  
 Oh for some few offenders do not blame,  
 All of their Sexe, let not a generall shame:  
 For some few faliers their whole brood inherit,  
 But euery one be cen'urd as they merit.  
 Although the two *Atrides* hath their liues,  
 Endangered both by falshood of their wiues:  
 Though false *Eriphile* her husoand sould,  
 To *Polixenes* for a chaine of gould:  
 Yet did this faire *Penelope* liue chaste,  
 While twice five yeares her royall Lord did waste

In bloudie battels and as many more,  
 Wandring through euery sea and vnknowne shore  
 So did the chaste *Phyllacides* and she,  
 That partner of her husbands grieffe to be,  
 Went with him as his page a tedious way;  
 And in the trauell died before her day:  
 Oh happy *Pherecides* thy wife.

From death redeemed thee with her owne life.

Receiue me oh you flames did *Iphias* cry,

And with my buried husband let me die,

And with that word she skips into the fire,

All faire endowments that we can desire.

Raigne in a womans breast no marueile then.

Tney with adorned vertues please vs men:

But these chaste minde my art inioyneth not,

A softer saile will serue to guide my boate:

Nothing but wanton loue flowes from my braines.

How pretty wenches may scape men traines

A woman neither flames nor swords will shun,

But through them both: vnto her sweet heart run:

So will not men, poore girles by them are scott,

Many times men faile, maides sometimes, not oft:

False *Iason* left *Medea* and her charmes:

To claspe another Mistris in his armes.

As much as in thy power false *Theseus* lay.

So right *Ariadne* was a wofull pray:

To the Sea foules and Monsters left alone,

In a remote place friendlesse and vnknowna.

Many vncertaine waies hath *Phyllis* gone,

Being forsaken of her *Demophoon*.

And though *Aeneas* had no surname good,

He left his sword to let out *Didos* bloud:

But what destroy you Ladies can you tell,

You know not how to loue or fashion well;

Your thoughts<sup>1</sup> to art, Loue artles stands vnſure,  
 Art with loue tempercd is ſtrong to endure:  
 Nor ſhould you know it now, but that the Queene  
 Of ſacred Loue wa<sup>1</sup> in my viſion ſeene:  
 And ſtrainly charg'd me that I ſhould impart.  
 To all the Sex the ſecret of my art.  
 For thus ſhe ſpake how haue poore maiſdes miſdone  
 That againſt armed men muſt naked run.  
 Two books haue giuen men weapons in their hands  
 The whileſt our fearefull Sex vnarmed ſtands:  
 He that rebuk'd *Therapnes* lewd deſire,  
 Since ſong her praises to a ſweeter lires  
 Thy ſelfe examine, canſt thou do them damage,  
 To whom in time thou maſt perform due homage  
 This hauing ſaid ſhe tooke from off her brow,  
 A myrtle wreath, for in a myrtle bow,  
 Her haire was twiſted vp and gaue to me,  
 Of leaues and feedes a little quantitie.  
 Strait in my braine I felt a power diuine,  
 Whiſt in the place a purer aire did ſhine;  
 And all the cares that hung vpon my heart,  
 Euen at that inſtant I might feele depart,  
 My wits at ripeſt, are wenches come thicke,  
 Receiue my precepts whiſt my wits are quicker  
 Firſt thinke how old age hourelly doth attend:  
 To ſteale vpon thee ſo be ſure to ſpend.  
 No ſeaſon idly, thou art young then play,  
 Yeares like the runing waters glide away  
 Thou canſt nor ſtay the floods it ſtreames ſo faſt,  
 Nor pull the houres backe when they are paſt;  
 Make uſe of time for time is ſwift and fleet,  
 Nor can the following good be all ſo ſweet:  
 As the firſt pleaſure wa<sup>1</sup>, haue I not ſeene,  
 This now a withered ſtake once freſh and greene:  
 From

Women loſe  
 no time,



From that bare throwne within these many howers  
 I had a chaplet of sweet smelling flowers:  
 The time shall come when thou that dost exclude,  
 Such louers from thy doores as would intrude,  
 Shall on an empty pillow throw h thy head,  
 Stretching thy stiffe limmes on a frostie bed:  
 Nor in the night shalt thou be rais'd vp late  
 By such as knock and thunder at the gate.  
 Nor in the morning when the cocke hath crowed,  
 Find porch and threshod. with fresh roses strowed:  
 Aime how soone doth the cleare colour fade,  
 How quickly wrinckles in thy skin are made.  
 Looke on thy looke and th u wilt sadly sweare,  
 Age hath too soone snowed on thy golden haire:  
 Snakes through their age of when they chang their  
 skinne,

Harts when they cast their heads fresh strength  
 begin.

And's giuen to them, when that in age ye grow  
 Ye haue no heads to cast no skins to throw,  
 Your good flies helples, therefore pluck the flower  
 Which bring gathered withers in an hower:  
 In many childe birth age is quickly crept.  
 Fields soone grow leane, that so often reapt.  
 You see *Eadin* on by the Moone lou'd still,  
 Nor doth she blush thereat and by thy will:  
*Aurora* thou would euer haue the name,  
 Of *Zephalus* thy deare, nor thinkest it shame.  
 And to contemle thee *Adone* whose heartse  
*Venus* her selfe hung many a tragicke verse,  
 Tell vs by whom you Queen borne of the sea.  
 Had you *Aeneas* and *Helione*.

Oh mortall generation follow these.

And practise after the n being goddesse:

Do not deny your rauishing pleasures when,  
 They are besought you by desirous men.  
 Tell me what loose you by it, what thou hast,  
 Thou art possesse of still, and feelst no wast:  
 Take thence a thousand sweets be not affraid,  
 Thou keepest thy owne, and nothing is decaid.  
 Stones are by yle made lost, iron worne to drosse,  
 That neuer weares and therefore findes no losse:  
 Who will deny vs at a torch being light,  
 To light a taper till it burne as bright.  
 Or who would strue in their owne power to keepe,  
 All the spare billowes in the yastie deepe:  
 Yet will a woman pleade her loue is rare,  
 And in her plenty she hath nought to spare.  
 Oh tell me why so strange a doubt thou mak'st,  
 Dost thou but loose the water that thou take'st:  
 I speake not this to prostrate every one,  
 But lest you seate vaine losse where losse is none.  
 Now greater gusts my swelling saile must straine,  
 Being from the shoare new lancht into the maine:  
 First with their neatnes I begin, the vine  
 Well trim'd and prunde affords vs choyse of wine:  
 And in a field well till'd the corne growes tall,  
 Shape is the gift of God, none amongst you all,  
 But in there shapes take pride, nay there be many  
 Proud of their fauour when they scarce haue any.  
 Proportion euen the greatest number want,  
 But rare supplies where nature hath been scant:  
 Care makes the face, the face a while neglected;  
 Will grow to ruine, and be nought respected,  
 The Virgins of the old time had this care,  
 Their bodies and their beauties to repair:  
 Else had the men of former ages spent,  
 Their yeares without their wonted ornament.

*Neatnesse  
 required in  
 a woman.*

If you behold *Andromache* go clad,  
 In manly robes, no maruaile, for she had  
 A souldier to her husband, if you see  
 The wife of *Ajax* iet it valiantly,  
 Nor maruaile, for she was his wife that bare.  
 A shield of seauen ox-heads thick tan'd with haire.  
 The world was plaine, simple, and rude of old,  
 But now abundant *Rome* doth flow with gold:  
 And shines in glory with the bright reflection,  
 All the worlds wealth is vnder their subiection  
 Behold the Capitall and thou wilt say,  
 In these great *Ioue* hath choos'd to dwell for ayet  
 This gorgeous Court & Counsel house was framed  
 Out of meere stubble when king *Latius* raigned.  
 These gorgeous Pallaces that against the Sunne,  
 D.d glitter and shine when they first begun:  
 A pasture for draught oxen let them ease, (please  
 Their thoughts with ancient times whom old times  
 I thanke the gods I in this age was borne,  
 These times my humour fits, old dayes I scorne.  
 Not because gold in the earths vaines are sought,  
 Or shels, or stones, fró forraigne shores are brought  
 Not because marble from the hills is dig'd,  
 Or voyage ships to vnknowne seas are rig'd.  
 But because rudnesse to the gates is sent,  
 And this our age is full of ornament,  
 Hang in your eares bright stones, but not to deare  
 Such *Iudyes* cast vp and are sold you here:  
 Neatnesse we loue, your haire in order tie,  
 To keepe in within Law thy hands apply:  
 Thy hands mishape keepe still, and by her care,  
 Thou maist oreseeme, deformed or woundrous faire  
 Nor is there onely one kind of attire,  
 The fashion that becomes thee best desire,

Proue every shape, but ere it current passe,  
 See thou before take counsell from thy Lasse.  
 A long and leane visage best allowes,  
 To haue the haire part iust aboue the browes:  
 So *Lopdemia* firnamed the faire,  
 Vsed when she walk'd abroad to trusse her haire,  
 A round plump face must haue her trowsers tied  
 In a fast knot aboue her front to hide:  
 The wier supporting it whilst either eare:  
 Bare, and in sight vpon each side appeare.  
 Yon Ladies locks about her shoulders fall,  
 And her loose ware becomes her best of all:  
 So *Phæbus* look't when last he toucht his Lute,  
 That other Lady doth her habit suite,  
 With chaste *Diana* being trickt to go,  
 To strike the sauage bore or tameless Roe.  
 She when her haire hang loose hath greatest pride  
 This best becomes her when her locks are tyed:  
 Yon when her head tire is like a tortoise shell,  
 Is roost and vawed well be seene as it well:  
 More leaues the Forrest yeelds not from the trees,  
 More beasts the Alpes breed not, nor *Hibla* bees:  
 Then there be fashions of attire in view,  
 Euery succeeding day adds something new.  
 Many become their tires best when they wear e:  
 In stead of sprucenes a neglected haire:  
 And being comb'd but now yet thou shalt say,  
 Her haire hath not been toucht since yesterday.  
 An doth much change, so did *Auides* see,  
 Iolattired, and said this wench is for me,  
 So *Inellis* whom the god of grapes commended,  
 When by his shouting *Saires* being attended:  
 He found her plac'd locks by the cool wind shifted  
 With scattered haire her to his coach he lifted.

How

How much oh nature are we bound to thee,  
 That findes for euery griefe a remedy.  
 And as our shapcs and colour suffer erosse,  
 Yet thou hast in thee to repaire that losse.  
 Say that by age or some great sicknes had,  
 Thy head with wonted haire be thinly clad:  
 Falling away like corne from ripened sheaues,  
 As thicke as *soreas* blowes downe *Autum* leaues.  
 By *Germane* yearbes thou maist thy haire restore,  
 And hide the bare scalpe that was bald before,  
 Women haue knowne this art, and of their crew,  
 Many false colours buy to hide the true.  
 And multitudes, yea more then can be told,  
 Walke in such haire as they haue bought for gold:  
 Haire as good Marchandize and growne a trade,  
 Markets and publicke trafficke thereof made,  
 Nor do they blush to cheapen it among,  
 The thickest number and the rudest throng.  
 Nay euen before *Alcides* sacred flames,  
 And in the presence of the vestall Dames:  
 To leaue this haire, and speake of their attire  
 I do not trailes or purfled guards desire.  
 Nor robes of blush scarlet prized hie,  
 Whose wooll is twice dypt in the *Tirian* dyes  
 Looke but abroad and thou maist in a trice,  
 Find lighter colours and of farre lesse price.  
 Were it not madnesse thou in scorne of slacke,  
 Should wear at once thy whole wealth on thy back  
 Behold the colour of the azure aire,  
 When in a cloudles day the skie is faire:  
 And the South wind bring on the earth no showers  
 As once it did what time one flow deuoures.  
*Pbricus* and *Hettis*, such a colour chuse,  
 'Tis neat, and cheape, but costly dyes refuse:

To helpe the  
 defects of  
 nature.

That prettie colour intimates the waues,  
 And from their sea Greene drops a name it craues  
 In this the young *Nymphes* went apparill'd most,  
 This saffron immitates of no great cost,  
 And yet she goes attired in saffron weeds,  
 That euery morning decks faire *Phæbus* steeds  
 Else such a dye as *Paphian* mirtles ye eld,  
 Or purple *Amethestos* or a field:  
 Where nothing saue the milkewhite roses grow,  
 Or of that hew the *Thracian* *Cranes* do show  
 Let not faire *Amarilles* wanting be,  
 Thy ackhorne or thy bloomes of *Almond* tree,  
 All these of seuerall colours iuice be full.  
 And with the seuerall colours staine the wooll:  
 So many sundry flowers as the fresh spring,  
 In sight of winters horrid rage doth bring.  
 To decke the earth with full so many hues,  
 The thirstie earth doth drinke and none refuse.  
 Mongst which faire women out of your affections,  
 Choose them that shall become best your comple-  
 She that is browne let her attire be white, (*Aions*  
*Briſeus* ware a *Rebe* of colour light.  
 When she was rauisht others that are faire,  
 Let their attires be black as *Sables* are,  
 Swarthie *Andromed* ware a milke white smocke,  
 When she was tied halfe naked the rocke.  
 Lest you be seene so let no ranknes grow,  
 Betwixt you armes and shoulders let none show.  
 Of rough and ragged hairs there may appeare,  
 Vpon your legs and thighs but not to neare:  
 I do not teach young maids by *Caucase* bred:  
 Or such as drink of *Rifus* but in sted  
 Of barbarous trils to you braue girls of *Rome*,  
 Do I direct my phrase, and to your dome.

To suite  
 their attire  
 to their  
 complections,

I now instruct you then your teeth to fret,  
 Lest in their vse some furdnes they do get:  
 To wrince your mowthes in water you haue wit,  
 To apprehend my words betimes to sit,  
 And in the morning take away the slime,  
 Which makes the white teeth subiect to such crime  
 Let such whose blouds are blacke and swart,  
 Whom nature reds not, make them red by art:  
 Art likewise fills the wrinkles in the browes,  
 A skinne of died red leather art allowes,  
 To rub your faces with, nor hold it shame,  
 To kindle in your eyes a sparke of flame,  
 It may be done with saffron, which like corne,  
 Grows near bright *Cydnus* wheras thou wert borne  
 I haue a little booke in substance small,  
 And yet a worke of weight writ to you all.  
 The Treatise is vnto your generall graces,  
 How you by art may best preferue your faces:  
 You whose rare beaues have receiu'd a scar,  
 Seeke thence your helps, receipts there written are  
 You may there find how to restore your blouds.  
 My art was neuer idle to your goods.  
 Beware lest that by chance your boxes lye  
 Vpon the table, and your Loues palse by:  
 Throw them aside, art spreads her fairest net,  
 When she is with most cunning counterfet.  
 Spill not thy drugs alike in euery place,  
 They will offend such as behold thy face,  
 Corrupting the beholder with such motion,  
 As should he see thy garments stand with lotion,  
 How doth the greasie franck woolls smell offend,  
 Though we for it as far as *Athens* send,  
 Yet is it good for vse, not before men,  
 Vse thou Deares marrow good for medicene

*To keepe  
their teeth.*

*Chee kes.*

Nor before men in presence rub thy teeth,  
 They both are good, yet harsh to him that seeth,  
 Many things which in doing we detest,  
 Being once done they oft times please vs best:  
 These stately pillars in iron caru'd and wrought,  
 Were a confused rocke, this ring now brought,  
 To that good forme, was once vnfashioned ore,  
 The costly cloth thou wearest a rough sleepe bore  
 The curious pister of faire *Venus* was,  
 Before the cutting an vnpolisht masse.  
 Mnd thou thy beauty when we think thee sleeping  
 Thy hand, thy boxe thy glasse their office keeping:  
 Why should I know how thou art growne so faire,  
 Shalt fast the forge where beauties ioyned are.  
 For many things there be men should not know,  
 The greatest part of them if you should show:  
 They should offend them much spare not to shroud  
 The doing, though the thing done be allowed.  
 The golden ensignes yender spreading fare,  
 Which waits them to the gorgeous Theater:  
 See what thin leaues of gold foile guilde the wood,  
 Making the columes seeme all massie good:  
 Yet are the audience of all sight debarred,  
 Unill the shewes and sights be full prepared:  
 So in thy preparation marke this note,  
 Still make thee ready in a place remote:  
 Yet sometimes if they head be wondrous faire,  
 Euen before men tis good to combe thy haire,  
 The haire a beauty hath which much besorts,  
 Being tyed and wreathed in picares & comely knots,  
 But be not tedious in thy art applying,  
 Be quick both in the fasting and vntying:  
 Still when thou goest to dresse thy selfe be safe,  
 I hate those sullen pettish things that chafe

*Note.*

*Obserue this  
woman.*



At euery idle crosse, who scratch and bite,  
 And with their nailes and bodkins pinch and fight  
 Wounding themselves in anger, rending, tearing,  
 The wires, the tires, the ruffles which they be wea-  
 She that is badly haired, let her before (ring,  
 She dresse her selfe, set watch still at the doore,  
 Vpon the suddaine 'twas my chance one day,  
 To presse into the place where my sweet hart lay:  
 When wondering she vnwares was thrust vpon,  
 Snatch vp her haire, and put the wrong side on.  
 Like cause of shame let come vnto my foe,  
 And such disgrace vnto the *Parthians* go:  
 A scalded breast, fields that no graue will beare,  
 Trees without leaues, and heads that haue no haire  
 Are odious to the eye none of you three,  
*Europa*, *Leda*, or faire *Semele*.  
 Were subiect to his want or me did need,  
 The helpe of Physicke in this point to need:  
 Nor *Hellen* thou whom with aduise ment deepe:  
*Menelaus* asks; the *Troiane* still doth keepe:  
 The wanton wenches in full troopes passe hi her,  
 Good, bad, faire, foule, of all sorts flocke together:  
 And come to be instructed amongst which  
 Oft times the faire be poore the foule be rich.  
 And yet the fairest haue of me least need,  
 Theirs beautie is a dower that doth exceed  
 My precepts farre, the sea being calme and cleare,  
 The secure Seaman all his sailes may beare.  
 But when it swells and is disturbd apart,  
 The troubled Pilot must try all his art,  
 Of euery little mole be thou not squeamish,  
 'Tis hard to finde a face that hath no blemish.  
 Yet shalt thou seeke to hide the least disgrace,  
 Either in the proportion or thy face.

*A lesson for  
Dwarfs.*

*Remedy for  
them that  
be leane.*

*Pale:  
Blacke.  
Splay foote.*

*To slender.*

*Scabbed  
bands.  
Stinking  
breathes.*

*Bad toothed.*

If thou beest short thy stature hide by wit,  
Still sit, lest standing thou beest tooke to sit.  
And stretch thy legs at length out in thy bed:  
Lest that thy stature there be measured:  
Loue Dwarfs, obserue my words I hold it meet,  
To haue some garment throwne vpon thy feet:  
She that is wearish and no clothes can fill,  
Her double plated gowne must sit by skill.  
To make her portly whilest a robe vnbound,  
From her two shoulders falls vnto the ground,  
She that is pale, with purple staine her cheekes  
She that is blacke the fish of *Pharoes* seekes.  
A splay mishapen foote in white shoes hide  
And let dried legs were a rich garter tide:  
Let such whose shoulder blades stand much in sight  
Weare boulder'd gownes to make them seeme vp-  
About a faint and slender body weare. (right  
A flannell swathband or warme stomacher,  
Such whose fat hands are itchy in the ioynt,  
Whē they discouerie let them not vse to point, (sting  
You that haue stinking breathes must not speak fa-  
But helpe themselues by some good breakfast takig  
Else chew a cloue the strength of it to breake,  
Or keepe so ne distance of still when you speake  
Or if thy teeth in wide vneuen ranks grow,  
Or be they gag'd, black or too great in show:  
Rot, lost, or that the fashion disagreeeth,  
Beware of laughing, laughing shewes the teeth:  
Who would beleeue this, wonder yet 'tis true,  
Maides may be taught to laugh and to eschew  
Vncomply mouthes and harsh tricks of the face,  
In laughing is much vncomelines and grace:  
Be moderate in thy clearing, there's a feate,  
To be obseru'd in that make not to great.

The

The hallow pits mirth digs in euery cheeke,  
 To hide thy gummes let both thy red lips meere.  
 Nor do thou stretch thy entrailes by constraining,  
 Thy selfe vnto loud laughter neither fainings:  
 A more familiar gesture with voice flat,  
 Sound out a womanish noise I knew not what.  
 Looke but on them that with loud yalling force,  
 Anticke and peruerse faces what shewes worse:  
 And there is such a coile with wry mouthes kept,  
 That whē they laugh, a man would swear they wept  
 Many with vtun'd clamor hoarse and shrill,  
 Ball as the slow Ass bayes out of the mill,  
 What cannot art? women are taught to weepe,  
 And in their looks a sober forme to keepe:  
 To shape their eyes according to their passion,  
 Both at what time they please, and in what fashion  
 Is there not grace in liping to be sound,  
 To giue true words a forged imperfect sound:  
 Robbing the tongue his office in some part  
 Euē in deprauiing words is sometimes art.  
 Many that by my words my meaning scan,  
 Are taught to speake lesse perfect then they can.  
 Weigh these my words according to their worth,  
 And these being cond take other lessons forth:  
 Learne how with womanish pace to vse your gate,  
 In euery step there is a kinde of state  
 Nor is their ought that yet my art discouers,  
 Which with more violence drawes or drues backe  
 Behold you Ladies gate the rest out strips, (louers  
 See with what cunning she doth moue her hips:  
 And in the pride of steps how the cold wind.  
 Swels her loose vailles before her and behind.  
 This like the blushing wife of *Vember* paceth,  
 Her full viewed legs at euery stride she graceth,

*How to  
weepe.*

*How to  
lippe.*

*To go.*

Long

More farre  
so appeare  
bare.

Sing.

Long measured steps do fit the state of some,  
Others a moderate pace doth best become:  
As far as where the armes and shoulders parts,  
Appears thou bare to wound the amorous harts,  
Of wanton youthes, this fashion vnderstand,  
Lones to the faire, nor such whose skins be tand.  
Such sights ere now haue made me I protest,  
To kille her necke, her shoulders and her breast,  
The *Sirens* are Sea-monsters, whose sweet notes  
Draws to their tunes the wandring ships and botes  
And if their eares with wax they do not stop,  
They are charm'd to leape vp from the hatches top  
Song is a faire endowment, a sweet thing,  
A praisefull gift then woman learn to sing,  
Hard sauord girles by songs haue wonne such gra-  
ces.

Their sweet shrill tongs haue prou'd bands to their  
faces.

Sometimes rehearse a speech brought from the play-  
Or else peruse some poeme in thy way.  
Of Musicke I would haue thee know the skill,  
With thy right hand to vie a *Rebeck's* quill.  
Or with thy left a harpe when *Orpheus* plaid,  
The beasts, & trees, and stones to dance he made:  
And in his way to hell no fiend durst stirre,  
Nor tartar power, nor triple headed Curte.  
Thou that so iustly do thy mother punish,  
Ditt by thy Musicke skill the world astonish:  
In those sweet walkes that were by Musicke reat'd,  
By euery such sweet harmony is heard:  
The armed *Dolphins* is by nature mute,  
Yet did he lift *Arion* to thy Lute.  
Learne Musicke then and hope to play vpon.  
The double handed sweet *Psaltirion*.

Read:

Reade Poetrie the workes of *Cons* seeke,  
 Or great *Callimachus* that writ in Greeke,  
 The laboured lines of *Bacchus* Poet get,  
 Read what lasciuious *Sappho* else hath writ.  
 For what more wanton workes then *Sappho* liues,  
 See what delight to the *Propertius* giues:  
 Or if thy further leasure serue thee lonke,  
 In *Gallus* workes, or in *Tibullus* booke.  
 Or *Varro* that of *Phrixus* and his neece,  
 The Legend writ, and of the golden fleeces:  
 Or read *Aeneas* banishment from *Troy*,  
 Th'originall of *Rome*, *Rome* doth enioy:  
 No bookes more famous, haply to my grace,  
 Some one may say thou *Ouid* hast a place.  
 Amongst the rest thou and thy lines may sound,  
 To aftertimes, not be in *Seths* drown'd.  
 Some one may say perchance our Master read,  
 The booke he last drew with a double head  
 Or those three bookes which he *Amorum* calls,  
 Entitling them of loue which of them falls,  
 Into thy handling first that do thou choose,  
 And louingly my louing lines peruse,  
 Or with a composd voice my *Cantons* sing:  
 The vse of these Loues mistis hith did bring  
 To other yet vnkowne oh *Phæbus* graunt,  
 Graunt this you gods whom sacred Poets naunt,  
 With their oblations, grant these powers diuine,  
 Thou god of grapes, and you oh *Muses* nine:  
 Who doubts but I would haue you learne to dance,  
 Measure and Galliards shall your name aduance,  
 Command your armes and hands that they agree,  
 Vnto the mot on of the foote and knee.  
 In tripping of the body nane and fee,  
 If the commicke Actor cannot take more pride.

Not

*To game.*

Nor vse more art the comlineffe of either,  
 Concurres, and I compare them both together  
 Learne triuall sports, but oh your Poet shames;  
 To bid you be experienc'd in some games.  
 Yet long they to my art then be not nice,  
 To learne to play at cockall or at dice:  
 How to cast lots and chances which to guesse,  
 To play at draughts at tables or at chesse  
 To vse a racket or to tosse a ball,  
 At set game, or at that we bandy call:  
 To passe the night at balliards till eleauen,  
 At pickapandie, cards, or odd or euen.  
 Play prepares loue, your skill is not so needfull,  
 As ought to be your lookes and carriage heedfull;  
 Your greatest cunning is with art to frame,  
 The gesture and the countenance in your game:  
 Game makes vs earnest if we play with care,  
 Then with our open thoughts our breasts lie bare:  
 And strait we brawle and scold a grieuous staine,  
 Oh these be monstrous faults to chide and raile,  
 Or to blaspheme the Gods when our lucke faile:  
 To vow to sweare, with protestations deepe  
 And in the heate of play to fret or weepe.  
 Great *Ioue* himselfe from you such crimes expell  
 Who couet suitors and to please them well  
 Natures these triuall sports to woman lends  
 A freer scope of pastimes she extends.  
 By much vnto vs men, for so we may  
 Scourge tops, sling darts, and at the football play:  
 Vault, ride, and teach the horse to trot the ring,  
 Frequent the Fenceschoole, practise armes, leape,  
 Nor can you march or muster on the sea, (spring  
 Or like the Merchant venturer go to sea:

Walke may you sometimes vnder Pompeys shade,  
 To Phabus p'allace to the place was made  
 For nouall triumph to the Membranes lawne  
 To the grauehills where chariots are still drawne  
 To the warme bleeding alter, some preferra  
 Before all these the three braue Theaters  
 Thus couet to be seen, vnseen, vnproud,  
 What is not viewed and knowne cannot be loud,  
 What profit were it to haue beauious beens  
 If by admired face were neuer seen:  
 Say you more tilde in shapen then Orphens were,  
 Or Thamis, such if men cannot heare  
 How should your musike please, Apples painted,  
 Venus in Cois else her fame had fained,  
 And died in Lethe, he redeem'd her same,  
 What hunt the sacred Poets for but fame.  
 Onely for fame their labouring spirits they send,  
 Of all the vowes fame is the lenge and end.  
 But see what alterations rude times brings,  
 Poets of old were theri in hand of Kings.  
 Large were their gifts, supreme was their regard,  
 Their merited fames with fear and reuerence heard.  
 Honour and states and sacred maiesty,  
 Beiong'd to such as studied po-try:  
 Ennius by Scipio that great man was sought,  
 And from the mountaines of Calabria brought,  
 Vnhonoured now the luy garland lyet  
 The ancient worship done to Poets dyet  
 Yet we should strue our owne fames to awake,  
 Homer a liuing lasting worke did make:  
 His Iliadis call'd, else who had Home knowne,  
 Had Danas in her tower an oid wife growne,  
 And neuer vnto publicke view relorted,  
 How had her beauty being so farre reported

The dignity  
of Poets.

You that applause would for your beauties win,  
 Be oft abroad, and keepe not too much in:  
 At the full fo ds the she Wolfe seekes her pray,  
 Though amongst all she steales but one away,  
 Loues bird the Eagle when she soares most high,  
 To seaze on fowle do h at the Crou fly.  
 Frequent you faire ones, where men may you see,  
 Mōgst many one best part will fancy thee  
 In euery place where thou shalt hap to sit, (get  
 Loose none by frownes whom thou by smiles must  
 The bow of *Cupid* neuer stands vn bent,  
 And oftentimes things fall by accident.  
 Be thou prepard, hang alwayes out thy hooke;  
 For in that stream where thou no fish wouldst look  
 A fish by chance may bite, oft haue I seene (beene  
 The wandring hound range where no game hath  
 And harts that scaps the chase whē no mā mids the  
 Fall in the toyles and there the keeper findes them.  
 What hope hadst thou *Andromeda* being bound,  
 Vnto a rocke a louer to haue found:  
 Being prepar'd for death beset with feares,  
 Blubb'd thy cheeks, thy eye quite drown'd in teares  
 At buriall of one husband well I wot,  
 Another husband hath been oft times got,  
 Weeping for him hats lost, may hap to grace thee,  
 And in the bosome of a second place thee,  
 But in your choysc especially beware,  
 Of such effeminate men as starch their haire.  
 Prank vp them elues v ho lipe and cannot leaue it  
 Loue complement and use to smell of Ciuit  
 They haue a thousand loues what they protest,  
 To thee they ll do as vnto all the rest,  
 Unstaid such be, and what will women say, (thy.  
 When in their thoughts men are more light then

Scarce



Scarce will they credit me, and yet tis true,  
 Troy had yet stood, and *Ilium* beene in view,  
 Had euery thing beene swaid as *Priam* spake,  
 But good aduise they leaue, fond counsell take.  
 There are who vnder shew of loue to fame,  
 And by such passage seekē dishonest gaine:  
 Let no mans haire deceiue with powders sweete,  
 Nor studded girles which are short and meete:  
 Nor these fine womens coates, a lightly thing,  
 Nor that each finger beares a golden ring.  
 Perhaps who in this kinde most gallant goes,  
 Is a close theefe, and loues nought but your clothes  
 Some Maids thus roab d, so loud cry for their owne  
 That all the towne and country heares their mone  
*Venus* whose golden shines at *Apian* stand,  
 And *Pallas* laugh a good thesee strifes in hand:  
 There are some Maides to sure but of bad fame,  
 Who oft deceiue d are thought to vse the same.  
 Oh learne by others plaints to heare your owne,  
 Ope not your ears to men whose frauds are known  
 Beleue not *Theseus* *Athens* though he sweare,  
 The gods can heare no more then they heare:  
 And thou *Demon* soon *Theseus* falshood haire:  
*Philis* deceiued nones trust by speeche's faire,  
 If men makss promises then maides make you.  
 If men performe, performe your vowed ioyes too,  
 Now Ile come nearer, Muse, take faster hold.  
 Nor loose thy seat the wheels though swiftly rolle:  
 Men frame them, set maids vowes, some else where  
 Let forni maids take their course, for it were fit: write  
 Look on them, read them, fild the words then gather  
 Whether he faines or lyes intirely rather:  
 Attter some while write backe euer delayes:  
 Inflames a lover; so no tedious stayer,

Louers disc  
 loyalty in  
 many.  
 Seuerall  
 passages

Shew not the plaint, to the youth denies.  
 Nor yet denie him what by sure he plies  
 Let him both feare and hope by euerie letter,  
 Be his fearelesse, his hope comes sure and better.  
 Be your phrased pure, but common vsuall words,  
 In speech the plainest stile best grace affords:  
 Full oft ambiguous words loue so misplace,  
 And a foule tongue hath hurt a beautilous face:  
 But since although you yet not married be,  
 To go beyond vs men that care take ye.  
 By maides or some knowne lad your letters send.  
 And to no strange young man tokens commend.  
 I haue seene some maides so terrifide with this,  
 That euer after they were slaues I wisse,  
 Faithlesse he is who keepes such tokens backe.  
 And burns like *Aetna* till he ope the packe  
 Trust me, we may with fraud quite fraud againe,  
 From force to shield, from force the laws maintaine  
 One maide must vse her selfe to many hands  
 Ill might he speed whose shifts this rule commands  
 Deface the old scale when you do reply,  
 And to one writing but one hand apply.  
 subscribe your letters thus, thine in all loue,  
 Be his, as he was yours, this art approue,  
 If from small things we may to greater go,  
 And in our ship spread our full saile to show.  
 It longs to beauty to haue manners milde,  
 Sweet pace fits women, fierce rage sauage wilde.  
 Rage swels the face, the vaines makes blacke with  
 The eyes blase ghastly like tell *Gorgons* brood (blood  
 Away quoth she I prize not feare to,  
*Pallas* should view her face, where waters flow:  
 And should you looke your anger in your glasse,  
 You wold scarce discerne your visage whole it was.

Nor

imped-  
 ents to  
 amitie.  
 anger.

Nor do we lesse blame proud and loſtie lookes  
 Gentle and humble eies are *Cyprius* hookes,  
 We men do hate this ouer-weening pride,  
 Shew in the ſilent face, truſt him hath tride.  
 View him views you, if men then women ſmile,  
 Signes made to you, make ſignes, 'twill men beguile  
 Thus whiles he playes before with headles dart,  
*Cyprius* hath after wounded to the heart.  
 We hate men ſaid *Aiax*, *Tremefſa* take,  
 We merrie *Greeks* blith wenches ſweethearts make:  
*Andromache*. *Tremefſa* all your ſtate,  
 Could not moue me to chuſe you for my mate,  
 Take gifts of rich men who do law profeſſe.  
 Giue him no ſee, be his client, need the leſſe  
 We that make verſe, let us ſend onely verſe  
 Our hearts are pliant, whoſe lone ſoon doth pierce  
 We ſpread abroad ſweet beantie laſting praiſe  
 We *Nemeſis*, we *Cimbeas* honour raiſe:  
 The Eaſt and Weſt land knew lou'd *Licoris*,  
 And many aſke who our *Cormina* is.  
 Beſides we Poets from all frauds are free,  
 And forward manners by our Poetrie.  
 Nor honour vs, nor loue of money pleaſe,  
 We ſlight our games for priuacie and eaſe,  
 Soone are we caught, our loues burn ſierce & bold  
 And where we loue we know to well to hold,  
 So 'tis we ſoften nature by meeke art.  
 And as our ſtudies, ſo our loues take part:  
 A fauour Maidens, a bleſt Poets will,  
 Heauens power we haue, the Muſes owne vs ſtill,  
 A God is in us we commence with *Iouſ*.  
 The ſpirit in vs boue your bright ſtars doth moue  
 To looke for money from vs what a crine,  
 And yet no Maidens do feare it in our time.

Pride.

Poets.

At first be not too eager, faine beware,  
 A nouice loue: flights an open snare:  
 Nor do we rule a horse new broke to backe,  
 With the same raines as he that's skild to racke;  
 To catch one flaid in yeares, and a briske swaine,  
 Must not one way, may not one course be taing;  
 Hee's rude, and in loues tents nere scene before,  
 Who as a new pray touch'd thy chamber doore.  
 Who knows no Maid but thee, none else wold know  
 This corne would be high fenced that it may grow;  
 If one, he is thy owne, no rivals frowne,  
 Two things admits no mate, Loue and a Crowne,  
 That ancient souldiers wife and softly loue,  
 And much that younger scorns he meckly proues;  
 He'll breake no posts, nor bursle with furious fire,  
 Nor scratch his mistris soft checks in his ire,  
 He'll teare no clothes, his Loues nor his owne,  
 Nor shall his torne haire giue him cause of moue;  
 These things fit youthes, whose loue as age is hot,  
 This beares harsh wounds gently as they were not;  
 Old men burne softly like a torch that's drie,  
 As woods from heath cut downe when first they lie  
 Old mens loue sure. youth short, but fruitfull made  
 Maides pluck those fruites betimes, betimes which  
 Nay yeeld vp all, ope the gates to our foe. (fide,  
 That faith from faithlesse treasure once may flow;  
 What's easie granted, long loue cannot feede,  
 (Deniall seeth) our spoils must oft proceede;  
 Let them walke at the gate cry cruell dore,  
 Do humbly much, but in their threats much more,  
 We loath these sweets, bitter loue makes them new,  
 The winde oft drown'd the ship by which it flew;  
 Tis this makes men their wives to flight so still,  
 They are ready prest when ere their husbands will.  
 Let

Let the Maide run and cry we are vndone,  
 And hide the sacred youth till feare be gone  
 Yet sport him amidst these feares lest he mispride,  
 Your night's nor so much worth such feares should  
 I had like to passe by what art to deceiue. (cise  
 Your husband and sly keeper to beraine  
 Wiues feare your husbands, who must keepe you in  
 'Tis firme by law right modestie hath bin.  
 Her to be kept whom late reuenge hath wrought,  
 Who can endure to avoid these meanes be sought:  
 As many keepe thee as had Argos eyes,  
 If thou wilt out thou shalt defeat with lyes  
 Youll say your keeper doth withstand to write,  
 Take water for your selte what time you might,  
 What can the keeper when the Cities fill,  
 Of plaies and Maides see horses run that will.  
 When she will, a maide complains her head,  
 And faining sicke, hides home she will in bed:  
 When the false key tells plainelie what is done,  
 And to her chamber are more waies then one.  
 Besides a keeper may be foxt with wine,  
 Prest from the grapes of Spaine, and so made thine  
 And there be drugs, which can cause a sound sleep,  
 And shut the eyes fast drencht in Lethe deepe,  
 You know Maides to May quicklie finde some way  
 By long made sports to hold him in delay.  
 But what need I for to go farre about,  
 When one small gift may binie the keeper out,  
 Gifts trust me do appease both gods and men,  
 By gifts euen Ioue is pleased now and then.  
 What do the wise since fooles in gifts delight,  
 Giue, and the husband sayes nough, say he might.  
 Hast bought thy keeper once hes thine for euer.  
 The helpe he once affords heele faile thee neuer.

To deceiue  
 the most  
 watchfull  
 keeper,

I blam'd complaints, now it comes to minde;  
 The hurt by it not men alone do finde;  
 Beleeue me, other Maides thy ioyes may taste;  
 And others with thee hunt the Hare as fast;  
 The wench that sweeps the chaire makes the bed  
 With sports of love her more than once bin led;  
 Let not your waiting Maides be other faire,  
 Their Mistris place by them supplied are;  
 Where run I Madman, naked against my foe,  
 And ope those pores that may me overthrow;  
 The birds teach not the Fowler how to take them,  
 The Harts teach not the dogge to run & shake them,  
 Looke too't that need my taste he do underd,  
 Though 'tis to lend a word to make me blurd;  
 'Tis ease to make a rethorick of his belouell,  
 Their faith which to desire is quickly moued;  
 Smile lovely on a youth, sigh from your hart;  
 Aske why he comes so late, a pretty art;  
 Shed some few teares, faine grief for some elosen;  
 And tears your haire as doth your passions mouen;  
 He is ouercome traight, pray he will take,  
 And say his care is onely for my sake;  
 If he be spruce, and looke faire in the glasse;  
 He'll thinke the gods loue him, let not this passe;  
 Who ere thou art be gone thy worth so strong;  
 Nor rage not ouer much, hath he depe wrong;  
 Trust not too loone what art is in this case,  
 Procris may be example haue you grace;  
 Neare to Hypania hills a holy well,  
 And a moist ground thick graff the ancients tell;  
 The wood, but underwood about this land;  
 The Crab tree, Rofmarie, Bay, Myrtle stand;  
 The thicke leau'd boxe, the Lemnake to in all,  
 Low shrubs, neat Pines, ther do these trees grow all.  
 The

The bylloric  
 of Procris.

The descrip-  
 tion of Hy-  
 metus.

The gentle West wind and the healthfull aire,  
 Blow all thole leaues & gras blades which are there:  
 Cephalus loued rest: his houies and men forgone,  
 Weary in youth this ground oft sat vpon  
 And thus he sings, thou which dost lay my heart  
 Age, my breast comforte and ease and beat  
 Out our deuious told his fearfull wife,  
 These words she heard, and so began the strife:  
 Procris was for a strumper tooke his care,  
 Fell downe much moued with a suddaine feare,  
 Looke how the vine leafe which you latest gather  
 She lookt so pale, or far more paler rather:  
 And the ripe Quince tree which doth bend his bow  
 Or dog tree fruite, which done for me are allowed  
 Come to her selfe, her game is in its time,  
 From of her breast, and made her breast all gore  
 And without stay in rage and haile the ege  
 Her haire about her necke like a garland does  
 Being near the place, her milk she leaues behind,  
 Steals shily to the wood no feare in mind.  
 'Tis thus thou thinkest now, who this she should be  
 And her dishonest rick thine eye shall see:  
 Her coming shame her now, she would not take her  
 Yet now she's glad she's come, thou dost still make  
 The name, the place, the signe all these agree,  
 And what she mind feare, that it thinks to be,  
 Seeing she grasie so by some body prest.  
 Her trembling heart knockt at her tender breast  
 Now the Mid-day had made the shadowes short,  
 The euening and the morne of equall port  
 Young Cephalus returns vnto the wood  
 And cooles his face with water as he stood.  
 Procris standt close, on the gras he laies him fair,  
 And cries aloud, blow west wind, come sweet aire



So soone as she had heard the cronious name,  
 Her mind and her true colour to her came,  
 She rises, with her body the leaues shake,  
 In mind to *Cephalus* her way to take:  
 He thought it some wilde beast, snatch vp his bow,  
 His arrow in his right hand went to show.  
 What dost thou wretch, 'tis no best, stay thy dart.  
 Alas, thy arrows pierce a womans heart:  
 She cries out, thou hast strooke thy louing breast,  
 Vpon this place thy wounds haue euer rest.  
 I dye before my time, not wrong'd in loue,  
 This earth made me suspect thee light to proue,  
 Aire take my breath, thee 'twas I did mistrust.  
 I dye, close thou my eyes, lay me in the dust.  
 She ended speech and life, and falling down,  
 Her husband takes her last breath from the ground.  
 He beares his dying loue in wo full armes,  
 And wailes with tears so strange and deadly harmes.  
 But let vs backe, I see I must be plaine,  
 At the lost haueu that our ship may againe,  
 You looke now to be brought vnto a feast.  
 And that we teach you here as in the rest:  
 Come late, but comely brought in by night.  
 Thou shalt be welcome, so delay hath might,  
 Though thou be blacke thou shalt seeme fair to all  
 The night will hide thy faults both great and small:  
 Eate neatly with your fingers art commands,  
 Wipe not thy whole face with thy dirty hands.  
 Eat not to long, leaue ere you would torbeare,  
 More then thou well canst do, this counsell heare:  
 Were *Hellen* greedy *Paris* would her hate:  
 And say my rape is foolish out of date,  
 To drinke is so mely: and more fit for you,  
*Bacchus* doth well with *Venus*. this is true,

*How maides  
 must behaue  
 themselves  
 at meate.*

Drinke



Driſke, but yet not more then you well can beare  
 And what is one, let it not to appeare  
 A ſhamefull thing to ſee a woman drunke,  
 Such a one is fit to be each baſe knaves punke  
 Nor is it ſafe to ſleep the tables drawne,  
 Much ſhamefull things haue in your ſleep bin ſawne  
 'Tis ſhame to teach you more, yet *Dion* ſayer  
 Shame is the chiefſt ſubiect of theſe ſayer  
 Each know your ſelues as you your bodies ſee,  
 So frame your lying in form that it may be ſee  
 Whole face is beauteous ſhe muſt lye vpright  
 Whole backe is beſt that ſtill muſt be in ſight  
*Atlantues* thigheſ vpon his ſhoulders wore,  
*Meuatiou* be theſe beſt, ſhew thee the more.  
 Low Maides muſt ride, *7* *bebais* was ſomewhat long  
 Nere ſate on *Heſſers* horſe her pride among,  
 Who hath a long ſide, which ſhe haue in eye  
 Let her bend to her knees her necke awry:  
 Whoſe hidden parts haue not a fault or ſpot,  
 Lye euer ſidelong pray ſeet it not.  
 Nor thinke it a diſgrace your haire to looſe,  
 And then thy necke caſt backward ſtill to chooſe  
 Thou that art ragged cloſe and couered lye.  
 And from mens ſight like the ſwift *Parthian* fly:  
 Loue hath a thouſand wayes moſt void of pride,  
 To lie halfe vpright on the right ſide,  
*Apollus*, *Tripes*, nor horrid *Ammon* ſay,  
 Nor things more true then what are in our lay:  
 If there be truth in art got by long uſe,  
 Beleue and truſt, you'll finde it in our muſe.  
 Maides ſee you loue vs men, plucke from the rooſe,  
 One thing may help you and ſteed to boot: (ſweet  
 Cease not faire words. ceaſe not cloſe whiſpering  
 And wanton words muſt with your ſports of meet  
 And

Geſtures in  
 lying.

And thou who nature hath bard soues quick sense,  
Faine pleasant ioies though the things be from  
thence:

Vnhappy Maide to whom that place is dull,  
Which with a man and woman should be full.  
Yet when you faine, beware, let none else know it,  
For feare thy gesture or thy eies may shew it:  
What helpe the speech and shewes the breath is ill  
That part hath secrets, shame would hide it still,  
Who seekes a man after enioyment straight,  
Louing a gift would not her prayers had weight:  
Ope not your windowes wide to take in light,  
Much in your bodies rather fits the night,  
Our sport is done, 'tis time the swaines depart,  
Which on their necks as yokes haue drawn our art  
As Men before, say Maides, when ye preuaile,  
Ouid our master was, his hart our saile.

*Conclusion  
of the work*

**FINIS.**

